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SIXPENCE.
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MR. J. L. TOOLE AS JOHN RIMPLE IN "THOROUGH-BRED."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Is there any incongruity between the Bishop of St. Olpherts and Mr. Pinero's third act? When the Bishop came on the stage, the uneasiness which had been growing in my mind took an acute form. If his Grace of St. Olpherts had blessed everybody, if he had held an informal confirmation, or something of that kind, there might have been an episcopal glamour over the close of the proceedings; but he was very old, almost silent, and either dubious about his position in that galley, or unaware of what was going forward. He may have understood that Theophila, a lady of indiscretions, was about to be entrusted to his charge with a view to social regeneration; but then he may have remembered that Agnes Ebbsmith took up her abode with a country parson (probably in the diocese of St. Olpherts) for the same purpose. A second experiment of this nature might scare any right reverend mind. The connection between the Church and the Stage has engaged philosophy for many years; but the responsibility which our foremost dramatist has deliberately laid upon the episcopacy may prompt the Establishment to a serious review of the situation. What would the Church Congress have said, had "The Benefit of the Doubt" been produced before the searchings of spirit at Norwich came to an end?

For there cannot be any question that Mr. Pinero is quite in earnest. He might have ended his third act some other way. He might have brought Sir Fletcher Portwood's brother from Australia, a millionaire, who would have wrapped Theophila in a protecting panoply of gold. I believe some people in the first-night audience would have been better pleased with this conclusion than with the disappearance of Theophila under the wing of Mother Church. We are not all reconciled yet to Mr. Pinero's fidelity to life: there is still a weakness for long-lost relatives who turn up with their pockets full of mining shares. Besides, the Australian might have given a filip to Act III., which suffered from a certain exhaustion of actuality. Your second-rate dramatist would never have allowed the disjected members of two family circles to cohere again in Mr. Pinero's depressed and tentative fashion. They would have suddenly forgotten all their troubles, and gathered round a Christmas-tree, or some equally stimulating emblem of domestic unity. But the author of the Comedy play is a man of courage, and he can do what he wills with us. That daring stroke of nature in Act II., when Theophila's scruples vanish with the bubbles of her second tumbler of champagne, is worthy of the much-abused Ibsen. It is one of those crucial moments in which, as the lady justly says, the dregs come to the surface, and the chances of moral salvage are discouraging. The average playgoer has seen drink enough on the stage without minding it; but the tumbler too much, as one of the ironical accidents of life, is a piece of observation that may strike him as "repulsive," though I notice that Mr. Pinero is congratulated by the most vehement of the anti-Ibsen critics on having widened the outlook which is associated with the suburbs and fjords of Norway. The pupil is supposed to have bettered the method of the master, a conclusion which indicates, at all events, a gratifying subsidence of aggressive British conventions.

I contend, however, that Mr. Pinero's courage is most conspicuous in the third act. He has to determine the most potent means of reopening society to a lady who received in the Divorce Court the "benefit of the doubt." She is not a black sheep—only whitey-brown. How is the desirable social colour to be renewed? This is no question of domestic happiness; that precious commodity does not enter the play. Theophila Fraser can never be happy with her husband; and the jealous Olive, who sought a judicial separation from Mr. Allingham, will treat him to a fresh succession of tantrums in some other story. Here are four lives which, after the storm and stress of two brilliant acts, are simply patched up. If you want to have the permanent factors of character, temperament, and circumstance ignored by the dramatist for the sake of a happy ending, the Comedy is not your playhouse. But how is Theophila to turn the "benefit of the doubt" into a handsome and durable coat of whitewash? That is the real problem in Act III., and Mr. Pinero solves it by invoking the Bishop. Roofed by a palace, sheltered in lawn, hedged about by the dignity of the episcopal bench, the whitey-brown sheep will, by and by, resume the hue and texture of the finest wool. Why should not Theophila take advantage of the fact that she is the Bishop's niece? In Mr. Hardy's "Two on a Tower," the heroine uses an Anglican prelate to help her out of a sore dilemma. When the story first appeared, this was denounced, I believe, as a slur on the Established Church; and it must be admitted that Viviette's dilemma was of a kind which distinctly compromised the Bishop of Melchester's dignity. But

his Grace of St. Olpherts is in a different case; he has an opportunity to render the greatest service to a rash but guiltless relative; and though, as I have remarked, he does not appear to relish the position, he ought to be grateful to Mr. Pinero for this striking extension of his social utility.

Some ultra-Ibsenite may assert that, after all, Mr. Pinero deals only with the conventional side of life. Society, according to this view, is itself a convention; the "compact majority" is a convention, though, in "An Enemy of the People," it figures as a triumphant reality. Theophila has to make her peace with the "compact majority"; she is no enthusiast seeking to stand alone for the sake of a principle; she has to find some *modus vivendi* which will enable her stolid Scotch husband to resume his "evening kilt" with the old complacency, when he revisits his ancestral home at Locheen. Sentiment is a convention; but among the striking lines which Miss Winifred Emery delivers so admirably there is one which declares that many women are kept fresh and sweet by nothing better than sentiment—a truth which is illustrated abundantly by experience. The conventions Mr. Pinero is teaching our English stage to disregard are those which confuse sentiment with sentimentality, and turn dramatic characterisation into a theatrical puppet-show. How far we have travelled since the days when the farce of H. J. Byron used to be called comedy! There are passages of extravagance in "The Benefit of the Doubt"; but its main strength is in the life-like play of character, in dialogue which touches the root and fibre of human interest. And, as in Ibsen, the actors are made by the parts, not the parts by the actors. Who that knows the jealousy of a feeble woman, subdued one moment by sense or generous impulse, relighted the next by a trivial word, cannot see in Olive Allingham much more than the excellence of a painstaking young actress? It is because the moral delirium of Theophila, after the second tumbler, is so skilfully drawn that Miss Emery has the chance which she utilises to the utmost.

Probably the Bishop of St. Olpherts, had he attended the Church Congress, would have been much impressed by the spirit of compromise on the Sunday question. There was a solemn discussion of Sabbath amusements, and up rose a venerable publisher, who said Sunday golf might be sanctioned by the religious if there were no caddies, no refreshments, and no prizes. When I read this, I had a sudden compunction. The last time I visited the golf-links it was Sunday, and I had the refreshments without the golf. I was deterred from handling the clubs by the cynical eye of a caddie, who evidently took my measure as a complete novice. Here, then, is a problem for the ecclesiastical casuist. I had a whisky-and-soda, it is true, but I did not play. Is the balance of virtue on my side? Again, had it not been for the presence of a cynical caddie, I should have played. Does this not show that the Sunday caddie is a bulwark of religion? If anybody thinks this is trifling with a grave subject, he had better have it out with Mr. John Murray, who, as a publisher, has a high standard of rectitude. Mr. Murray must have some exquisite reasons for believing that, without whisky-and-soda, golf is legitimate on the Sabbath, and that there is a moral distinction between winning a prize at golf on Sunday and winning it on Saturday. Had my pastors and masters brought me up to publishing, these subtleties might have been made plain. I wonder whether the uncompromising zealots, who believe that man was made for the Sabbath, would be moved by the spectacle of Mr. Murray toiling round the links with his clubs, and denying himself even a pull at the flask which nestles innocently in a pocket!

Of conscientious caprices a Church Congress is always prolific. A country parson said that he always posted a brass band in his garden on Sunday afternoon for the recreation of the villagers. The good man, I dare swear, does not enjoy the concert; there is often an excess of brass in a village band. But he mortifies himself for the sake of his poorer neighbours, whose ears are not delicate. They have a harmless debauch of sound; he has the satisfaction of sacrifice. There is a great deal of the sacrificial in our English pleasures. Even Mr. Murray, when golfing on Sunday, is not so happy in his game, perhaps, as in the thought that he is keeping the day holy by abjuring whisky-and-soda. John Allingham, at the height of his domestic crisis, remembers that dinner is waiting. "Women may weep their hearts out," exclaims Olive, "but men will go on dining, feeding, feasting"; yet I have no doubt the excellent John thought of dinner on that occasion as a social deity to which sacrifice was due in evening dress. We have overlaid the natural man with such strata of lifeless tradition that, when any part of him breaks through a crevice, some publisher or other moralist starts a new dogma to explain the apparition away. Church Congresses may talk their heads off, but men will go on golfing on Sunday, though many of them, in the approved English manner, will attribute the practice to anything except the irresistible impulse of honest health and animal spirits.

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To love and its allurements,
And doesn't seem to care a sou
For amorous assurances;
When she's o'ercome old Adam's thrall—
In fact, has quite forgotten him—
Farewell to booklets each and all
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Then "Zeit-Geist" buds will wilt away,
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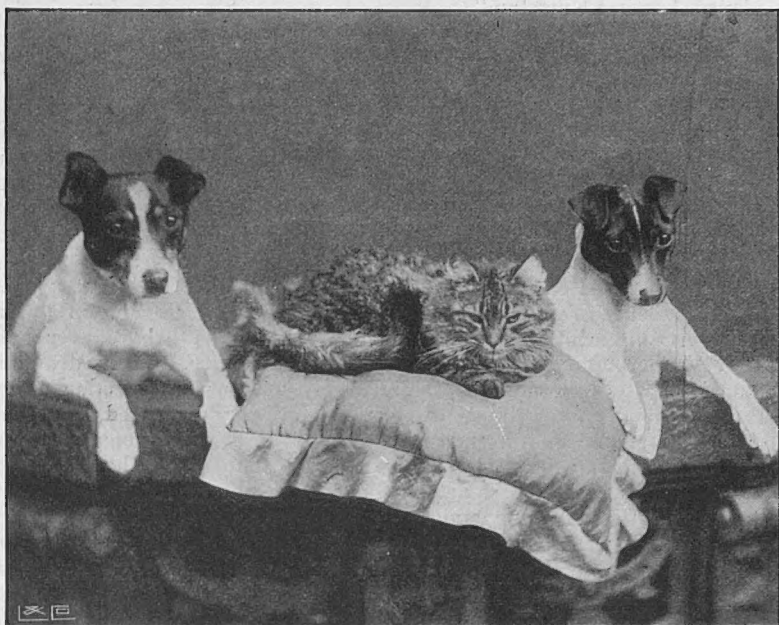
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SCAMP, BIJOU, AND BANG.

Photo by Hammer and Co., Adelaide.

BANG, BIJOU, AND SCAMP.

Photo by Hammer and Co., Adelaide.

"Redland Mountaineer," the collie puppy, is the property of Mr. A. B. Crinks, of Redland, Bristol. He was seen for the first time on the show-bench at the recent Bristol Dog Show, and by his remarkable success, winning nine first and five special prizes, bids fair to eclipse his well-known father, Mr. A. H. Megson's "Southport Perfection." The puppy is a fine, powerful dog, with good shoulders, straight forelegs, and well let down, good feet and coat. He has particularly well-placed ears, and

a good, intelligent head, not quite so fine as is, perhaps, fashionable, but with plenty of space for brains, a point which is nowadays a little overlooked in the craving for long, narrow skulls and pointed noses. Possessing plenty of bone and quality, he should have a most successful career on the bench and at the stud. The fox-terriers who are guarding the pussy may be said to be show dogs like the collie, but in a different sense. They are certainly amusing.



REDLAND MOUNTAINEER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

"THE CHILI WIDOW'S" JUBILEE.

A CHAT WITH MR. WILLIAM BLAKELEY.

"It ain't exactly wot he sez; it's the *funny* way 'e sez it," to adapt the words of a well-known comic song.

In short, whether Mr. Blakeley is making notes as Mark Meddle in "London Assurance," or showing his red socks as Smoggins in "An Artist's Model," or whipping cream for his caramel *à la* Prince



MR. BLAKELEY IN "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."
Photo by Tate, Cheapside.

Koffokoski as Crabbe in "The Chili Widow," which celebrates its fiftieth night to-morrow, it matters little: whatever character you see him in, he is sure to make you laugh. The very sound of his voice in the wings puts the house in a good temper: his audiences can no more help laughing at him than he can help being amusing. He is a comedian born, not made.

Criterion House—named, of course, after the theatre, with which he was connected for upwards of fourteen years—is pleasantly situated down at Fulham. Thither I went, by appointment, the other morning, and had the pleasure of a chat with this popular actor. I found him consoling himself with a good old briar—a particular favourite, I believe.

"Here you are, punctual to a minute," he said. "Join me in a smoke? I am not going to tell you my age," he continued, laughing; "not because I'm ashamed of it, but because if I did I know you would immediately make a note of it, and I don't think it would interest anyone."

"Is it true that you were originally intended for a lawyer?"

"Oh, bless you, no! Who on earth has been telling you that?" he answered, puffing away at his briar. "I was originally intended for what I am; but I've played lawyers—heaps of 'em."

"How and where did you begin your career?" I inquired.

"Well, I had a good deal of practice as an amateur with Mr. Wyndham, strange to say, among others. I played as an amateur at the Gough Street Theatre, which has long since been pulled down, and also at the Royalty, or the Soho Theatre, as it used to be called."

"But where did you make your professional bow?"

"At the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in 'The Evil Genius.'"

"Not a very propitious title. What sort of a part did you have?"

"I can't for the life of me remember, but I know I got the engagement through Sir William Don, who was acting there at the time. Then I went to York, in place of old Mr. Fisher, who left for America. Here I received a very useful piece of advice from Mr. Leclercq and Miss Sally Booth. 'You stick to old men, Blakeley,' they said. And I did so, with the exception of the time when I was at Liverpool in Basil Baker's place. Mr. Copeland, who was the manager, was so conservative that whatever part Baker had played I had to play the same—so that, for instance, I played Launcelot Gobbo instead of old Gobbo."

"How long did you stay at Liverpool?"

"Seven years; I always seem to stop so long wherever I go."

"And then did you come to London?"

"Oh, no; I went to Brighton, and joined Mr. Nye Chart at the Royal, and very good friends we were. During the whole time I was there we never fell out—except once."

"How was that?"

"Well, we happened to be playing 'The Flying Scud,' and Mr. Chart comes in on horseback, at the end of one of the acts. One evening a bouquet was thrown to him, but it fell close to my feet, so I picked it up and handed it to him over the horse's head. The horse reared, and Mr. Chart slipped quietly but ignominiously off the saddle—to somewhere near the tail. As soon as the curtain was down, he rushed up to me in a great rage, with 'Blakeley, my dear fellow, you really ought to know your business better than that.' 'Perhaps so,' I replied; 'but why on earth don't you engage a horse that knows *its* business?' However, we soon made it up, and were the best of friends."

"You have been to America, have you not?"

"Yes, twice. The first time I went with Sothern."

"And what were your first impressions of the country?" I asked.

"I had not been on the continent half an hour before I was done by a wily American. When I landed at New York I had great difficulty in finding a suitable conveyance to take me to the hotel; but at last, somehow or another, I don't quite know how, I found myself in a most extraordinary affair; it reminded me more of the Lord Mayor's state carriage than anything else."

"So that you made quite a triumphal entry?" I remarked.

"Exactly," added Mr. Blakeley, with a laugh, "and the hotel-keeper in turn made quite a triumphal entry against poor Sothern's account. That ride cost twenty dollars, I think."

"How do you usually study a part?"

"I *always* begin by writing it out very carefully, and after that, of course, I keep going through it in the usual way."

"What is the longest run you have ever been in?"

"'Naval Engagements' at the Criterion. The piece ran a year. I played Admiral Kingston."

"Do you believe in a heavy make-up?" I said.

"Certainly not, I always use as little grease paint as possible, and never put hair on my face—unless the part absolutely demands it."

"I suppose you don't suffer much from nervousness now?"

"Indeed I do," replied Mr. Blakeley, with much force. "I always have a horrid feeling of sickness before I make my first entrance on the opening night of a new piece; but, thank goodness, it usually leaves me when I get on to the stage and speak my first few lines."

"And now, Mr. Blakeley, if you were doomed to play one part for the rest of your natural life, what part should you choose?"

"I'm afraid I can hardly tell you," as he reloaded the briar; "but I think, perhaps, Vanderpump, the deaf old man in 'Brighton.' The part certainly contains one of the biggest laughs I have ever had. Mrs. Vanderpump says to me, referring, of course, to my deafness, 'Don't expose your affliction,' and I reply, 'My wife'; introducing her to the company. Talking of big laughs," he continued, "I shall never forget the yell I got one afternoon at a professional *matinée*, playing Smith in 'David Garrick,' when I had to say, 'I hope there'll be enough dinner for these actors, they're a damned hungry lot.' But, apart from Vanderpump and Smith, I am very fond of Sir Partridge Compton in 'Truth,' Birkett in 'Betsy,' Sampson Brass in 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and Pilkie in 'The Great Divorce Case'; and, of course, Crabbe, the part I am now playing."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Blakeley, "you would like to come and have a look at my collection of prints and photos of old actors and actresses?"

And a most interesting collection it is.

"I prize that very much," he said, pointing to a cabinet photo; "it is the last photograph Sothern ever had taken. This," taking up a silver tobacco-box, "was given to me by Mrs. Bancroft. I happened to be going down Jermyn Street when she was thrown out of a hansom, and I helped her home. At the time, I never thought she would act again."

Just then Mrs. Blakeley came into the room.

"My wife," said Mr. Blakeley, introducing me, "is wearing a brooch that has rather an amusing history attached to it. On my second voyage to America I learnt to play poker, and one day I happened to be playing with a Spanish gentleman. Some of the company were watching the game; one of them suddenly seized the Spaniard, and I thought would have half murdered him."

"What on earth's the matter?" I said.

"How much have you lost, Blakeley?" he asked.

"Lost?" I replied. "I haven't lost at all; I've won."

"It appeared that the Spanish gentleman had been holding an extra card. He carefully explained to us that he had no idea of cheating, but



AS CRABBE IN "THE CHILI WIDOW."

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

was only trying a little game of his own. Before we landed at New York, he made me take that as a peace offering."

It was a Mexican dollar that Mrs. Blakeley was wearing as a brooch. At lunch I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. James Blakeley, who is following in his father's footsteps, and is a young comedian of very great promise. This Christmas, he tells me, he is to play a leading part in the Manchester pantomime.



MR. BLAKELEY AS VANDERPUMP IN "BRIGHTON."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

SMALL TALK.

It is now practically settled that the Queen is to stay at Balmoral until Friday, Nov. 15, when her Majesty will come south to Windsor Castle, where a succession of royal and other guests will be entertained during the five weeks' residence of the Court. While the Court has been in Scotland, the Queen's private apartments in the Victoria Tower at Windsor have been redecorated and generally refurbished. Her Majesty has always occupied this suite of rooms, and the adjoining set was appropriated to the use of Prince Albert, since whose death they have been reserved by the Queen, and everything in them remains precisely as he left them. Fresh paper, pens, and ink are daily set out in the sitting-room, and the towels, water, and bed-linen duly changed in the sleeping apartment, as though the suite was still occupied.

Sir Fleetwood Edwards has returned to St. James's Palace from Balmoral, where he had been acting as private secretary to the Queen during the absence from Court of Sir Arthur Bigge, who has been away for the last five weeks, both for his holiday and also on duty, as part of the time he was travelling on "secret service" for her Majesty.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will entertain Saturday-till-Monday circles of guests at Sandringham from Nov. 2 till Nov. 4, and from Nov. 9 till Nov. 11, and there is to be a large shooting-party at the Hall from Nov. 5 till Nov. 8. The Prince leaves Sandringham on Nov. 13, on his visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, for the Derby Meeting, and he will not return there until the middle of the following week; so the next circle of guests will be invited between Nov. 23 and Dec. 2. The Princess and her daughters are to stay at Sandringham until Dec. 11, when they will come up to Marlborough House for ten days. While the Prince is at Chatsworth the house-party will be conveyed, on each day of the races, between Rowsley and Derby by special train.

The provincial papers have recently stated that the Prince of Wales was shortly going north to shoot at Balmoral on "his Scotch estates." As a matter of fact, the Prince does not now either own or rent a single acre of land in Scotland. He was owner of the estate of Birkhall, in Glen Muick (which was purchased for him by Prince Albert from the late Mr. Gordon of Abergeldie, out of the Duchy of Cornwall accumulations) for more than thirty years, but in 1885 he sold that property, extending to over seven thousand acres, to the Queen, in whose possession it still remains. Prince Albert greatly improved the Birkhall estate by extensive plantings, which were most judiciously carried out.

The Duke of Cambridge had a successful shoot last week at Six Mile Bottom, and seven guns killed over two hundred and fifty partridges and a large number of hares in a few hours. The Prince of Wales is to have a day there next week, and his Royal Highness will also shoot at Cheveley with Mr. McCalmont.

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, who will in a few days become an English Duchess with an historic name, has been accused of being one of the *nouveaux riches*, but there is nothing so very new about the young lady's remarkably handsome fortune. She is a great-granddaughter of the "Commodore," as he was nicknamed, a reference to whose history informs us that he was born of humble Dutch parentage at Staten Island, New York, in the year 1794, and that, after receiving but a very scanty education, he adopted the profession of a "jolly young waterman"; that with this aqueous avocation he combined that of teaching in a school; and that, when a mere lad of seventeen, he started a ferry between New York and Staten Island "all on his own." One way and another, he amassed some nine thousand dollars, and at the age of three-and-twenty he was not only the captain of a steamer plying between New York and New Brunswick, but was the proprietor of an hotel at the latter place. Twelve years later he had started not one, but a whole line of steam-boats that plied upon the Hudson River, and enlarging his operations by little and little he opened the Nicaragua and California line in 1851, and the Havre and New York line six years later. His subsequent speculations were in railways, and these added to his already enormous wealth, and when he died at the venerable age of eighty-three he left behind him the comfortable trifle of twenty millions sterling. Cornelius Vanderbilt is probably the most prominent example of the self-made man in the annals of history.

There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth among the light-fingered gentry who make it their duty and pleasure to relieve ladies of their hand-bags and purses. Something like four thousand purses are stolen every winter in omnibuses, and any day during the season sixty are snatched from the hands of their owners. Thanks to a clever invention of the Hon. Mrs. Pery, a daughter-in-law of Lord Limerick, the purse-snatcher will find his means of livelihood destroyed. Three London magistrates—Mr. Hannay, of Marlborough Street, Mr. Plowden, of Marylebone, and Mr. Shield, of Westminster—have all expressed unqualified approval of the "safe purse," and hope to have their labours somewhat diminished thereby.

The "safe purse" specially appeals to the ubiquitous lady who always carries her *portemonnaie* in her hand. One end of a light leather strap is attached to the middle finger of the hand by a ring, and carried across the palm to the wrist, where it is attached to a narrow wrist-band. The purse is securely, though loosely, fastened to this cross-strap,

on which it slides easily up and down. Thus there is no need to grasp or hold the purse at all, excepting when it is wanted; and the leather strap and wristlet are strong enough to defy the art of the purse-snatcher, and at the same time so light as to be no inconvenience whatever.

The story of Professor Ray Lankester draws attention yet once again to the state of our West-End streets—a state induced by the rampant moralists who decline to "license vice," while they allow vice all unlicensed to wander at its own sweet will. More than this, it presents us with a living picture of a magistrate who has a perfect passion for the police, who literally dotes upon them, and appears to consider that the members of that force are Bayards and George Washingtons. The calm manner in which Mr. Newton declined to consider the slur cast on the Professor by the "drinking" accusation, the way in which he dwelt on the character of the two constables for over twenty years, while he brushed aside the unblemished reputation of the Professor which, as he pointed out in his statement of the case, he had borne for over thirty years, and the method by which he appeared to dismiss from what a certain imaginative gentleman "was pleased to call his mind," the well-known fact that *esprit de corps* makes members of the same body invariably hang together in a tale, would be simply amusing if the slur on the name of an amiable gentleman of standing and character were not involved. Most of the public will, however, probably arrive at a conclusion the reverse of the magistrate's, and should there be doubters let them act the part which Professor Ray Lankester asserts that he acted, and see for themselves how they will be treated by Mr. Newton's up-to-date Washington-Bayards in blue.

When the glamour of that spirited ballet, "Young Lochinvar," at the Alhambra, had been somewhat dissipated by a calm consideration, I began to wonder why this association of tartans and claymores with Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, who rode and who ran. Reference to an atlas informed me that Netherby is—and, I suppose, always was—in Cumberland, which can hardly be considered as situated in the Highlands. In an article on English costume in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" I could not discover that the English folk of our northern counties were addicted to the Scottish dress, while the same authority mentions these tartans and philibegs as appertaining to the Highland clans, and, indeed, gives some excellent sketches of Highland costume. It appears to me that it is, therefore, far from probable that the Border families of Forster, Fenwick, and Musgrave decked themselves in the garb of their enemies for festive purposes. It is even doubtful if the enterprising young Gordon of Lochinvar wore the Highland dress, as the Gordons of Lochinvar, if my memory does not deceive me, were a Lowland family, hailing from hard by the Pentland Hills. Perhaps the stage-manager of the Alhambra has better information, and, if so, I would be glad to learn his authority. By the way, I have been unable to find at what period Lochinvar carried off the Netherby bride, for the note in Scott appended to this ballad only informs me that it is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad which may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." However, "Young Lochinvar" is a fine spectacle, and an inspiring one, and the costumes are probably far more effective than those which were, I should imagine, usually worn by the dwellers on the Border.

Mr. Clifford Harrison was greeted with enthusiasm by a large audience of "the faithful" at his first recital this season in Steinway Hall. He was in excellent voice, and, as usual, had selected a programme calculated to display delightfully the infinite variety of his style. Commencing with Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," he gave afterwards E. Nesbit's beautiful poem, "The Singing of the Magnificat," set to music, the music being appropriate to every line it illustrated. Then Mr. Harrison set the audience laughing with the humour of Silas Wegg, and concluded the first part of the programme with the story of the "Taj Mahal." Other selections were Walter Whitman's "The Singer in the Prison," Tennyson's song from "Maud"—exquisitely accompanied on the pianoforte—and the reciter's own composition, "The Song that has no Sound." Those who have known of old the charm of these Steinway Saturdays, and those who have yet to make their acquaintance, will alike be pleased to note that Mr. Harrison hopes to recite every Saturday afternoon until Dec. 7.

A remarkable resuscitation of an old-established Brighton weekly newspaper has been effected during the last couple of months by the introduction of a large amount of new capital, fresh energy, and the accumulated strength which is gained by a wide knowledge of newspaper work under the best modern conditions. The *Brighton Examiner* has been in existence for nearly half a century. The new proprietor is Mr. C. H. Atkinson, the head of the firm of C. H. Atkinson and Co., of Fleet Street.

Japan advances rapidly. The *Japanese Journal of Commerce* is the latest evidence of this enterprising spirit. It is printed in Japanese, and published by the Eastern Press, Limited, 26, Fleet Street, E.C. In the eleventh issue, which contains no fewer than 120 pages, I note the advertisements of several leading English firms, particularly in the engineering and iron trades. The *Journal* seems likely to be a success.

I greatly regret that, by a slip of memory, the beautiful photograph of Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Romeo in last week's *Sketch* was attributed to Mr. Mendelssohn instead of to Mr. H. Hay Cameron, of Mortimer Street, and I hasten to correct the mistake.



MR. BOURCHIER AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "THE CHILI WIDOW," AT THE ROYALTY.

MR. BOURCHIER: *Can't we be friends?*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

Mr. Pinero seems as though he had been following the example of Anthony Trollope with regard to the naming of his characters. Everyone remembers Mr. John Hare's fine character-sketch of the Duke of St. Olpherts in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"; and now, behold, there comes a Bishop of St. Olpherts in "The Benefit of the Doubt."

I referred recently to Miss Agnes Hewitt's successful performance in support of Miss Minnie Palmer in "The Schoolgirl," and now I note with interest the engagement of this handsome and clever lady for the important part of May Joyce in the revival at the Princess's of that early exemplar of the tank-drama, "A Dark Secret." This play, which has been performed all over the world, and in all parts of London, was seen in the West-End, at the Olympic, in April 1887, after its long run at the Standard Theatre, where it was produced in October 1886. The famous Henley Regatta scene, where the villain, Stephen Norton, is defeated in the Diamond Sculls, has long served to show Mr. John Douglass's ingenuity in the devising of real water effects.

The mention of the Olympic reminds me of Miss Hewitt's plucky, though not too fortunate, management of that house in 1887 and onwards, which was marked, among other things, by the production of "The Pointsman," in which Mr. Willard appeared as Dick Dugdale. He was then only on the point of passing from the phase of stage villain. Miss Agnes Hewitt is capable of more difficult work than that of looking stately in Drury Lane pantomime and light musical pieces, and hence I welcome gladly her return to melodrama.

Miss Alice Beet, who has made something like a hit as the servant-girl, Annie, in "Poor Mr. Potton" at the Vaudeville, has, like her husband, Mr. Frederick Volpé, who is playing Mr. Dawson in the same piece, been attached to Mr. Weedon Grossmith's company ever since he started in management. Before coming to London, Mr. Volpé had made himself well known in the provinces as a strong character-actor. Both he and his wife quite deserve their metropolitan engagements.

Mrs. Frank Land, who has lately made her husband proud in the possession of a little daughter, is known in professional life as Miss Agnes Molteno, one of the very best dramatic sopranos to be found on the English operatic stage. Her performance of Santazza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," played on quite original lines, is one of the finest that I have seen. Miss Molteno and Mr. Frank Land, who is an excellent basso-baritone, have been connected with various touring operatic organisations, and have latterly been important members of the Arthur Rousbey company.

A musical item of very considerable interest is the production by Mr. J. W. Turner, at his theatre, the Grand, Birmingham, of an English version of Boildieu's most famous opera, "La Dame Blanche," originally produced in Paris with immense success in 1825. Mr. J. W. Turner deserves great credit for his revival of so fine a work. He has done the libretto himself, I believe, writing under the pseudonym of Ravenswood, and he calls the new version "The White Lady of Avenel." The opera, of course, relates to the legend used by Scott in "The Monastery." I presume Mr. Turner will include it in his repertory on his next visit to London.

The legion of enthusiastic cricketers who read *The Sketch* will surely be interested to know that a little son of popular Mordecai Sherwin, the burly yet agile old Nottingham wicket-keeper, has joined the ranks of professional entertainers. Master John Sherwin is now one of the members of a clever and well-trained troupe of touring Midget Minstrels.

Miss Alice Longfellow, one of the daughters of the American bard, is a singularly adroit amateur photographer, whose work is much appreciated Massachusetts way. In her childhood she, with her sisters, figured in the poem written about them by their father, and the three together were always to be seen, in the shape of counterfeit presentments, in the albums of Bostonians.

I note that one of the members of the company now touring with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal is Mr. Norman Forbes, brother of Johnston and Ian Forbes-Robertson. Mr. Norman Forbes, who possesses the graceful angularity, to use a paradoxical term, characteristic of the family, has had many fine opportunities of histrionic distinction at the Lyceum under Henry Irving, and elsewhere. Yet he has never really made his mark.

No one, I think, has pointed out that the recent extraordinary instance of loss of memory, as exemplified in the case of the so-called "woman without a past," had a prototype in one of the farcical comedies associated with the name of Mr. Edward Terry. This was "In Chancery," I believe.

I had a very delightful afternoon last week. I went to see M. Wenzel after the production of the second edition of "An Artist's Model." I found the composer of so much delightful music in a room hung with trophies and tributes of every description. With great care and delicacy I worked round to the subject of his own compositions, and at last he went to fetch a score to show me some particular passage. When he got to the piano I begged him to play some of the music. After protesting that he could not play at all he struck a few chords and proceeded to make some of the most delightful echoes in London. As he went on through the mazes of march, waltz, and polka I could not help comparing his dance-music with what will do duty in drawing-

rooms and ball-rooms during the coming winter. There are dozens of dance measures composed by M. Wenzel that would, if properly elaborated, take London by storm. They are lying idle, and have no existence, save in the memory of his admirers and one or two manuscript books. Good music is not so common that the community can afford to waste such a wealth of good material. Dancing enthusiasts should petition M. Wenzel to prepare a selection of his waltzes for the ball-room.

I have received a curious letter from a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, apropos of Miss Kate Cannon's portrait, which recently appeared in these pages, in a notice of "An Artist's Model." He points out that, nearly two thousand years ago, the dramatic foresight of the ancients indicated the appearance of the lady—

In the museum of the Episcopal Palace at Aosta, in North Italy, there is preserved a *stelé*, or monumental pillar, of (probably) the first century B.C. It is inscribed to Lalagé, a popular actress of the day, whose virtues, charms, and successes are commemorated in glowing terms. The inscription ends with the iambic line—

ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ ΚΑΤΕΚΑΝΟΝ ΑΝΔΡΑΣ ΟΜΜΑΤΩΝ ΒΕΑΕΙ

(Many men I slew with the shaft of my eyes).

You will see that the second word of the line (KATEKANON), which is engraved in uncial characters, is an almost identical transliteration of the name of the lady whose portrait you gave. Both from the portraits and by personal observation from a stall at Daly's Theatre I can vouch for the description being singularly appropriate, and indeed I fear I must count myself among the "slain." And doubtless the prophecy will work itself out with equal accuracy in the future till Miss Cannon's successes rival those attributed to her classical prototype. The *stelé* is Greek, possibly Corinthian, and was probably brought over to Italy by some Roman connoisseur. It is very similar to, and possibly identical with, one described (but unfortunately not figured) on page 48 of Stackelberg's "Die Gräber der Hellenen."

In Madame Arnoldi the Palace Theatre has secured a vocalist of remarkable merit. I had the pleasure of hearing the lady sing at a private house shortly after her arrival in London, and was at once struck by the remarkable range and purity of her voice and the utter absence of inartistic device, which spoils so many foreign singers for either the opera or the variety stage. Madame Arnoldi is more than a good singer—she is an excellent musician, for she sang some very difficult music to us at sight, with no mistake and no apparent effort. It is a strange but undeniable fact that the variety stage cannot get English vocalists, and is compelled to go to the Continent for them. The manager of a leading hall told me recently that he would gladly give the preference to an English girl if he could find one to sing. Strange though it may seem, it is a much greater trial to the nerves and temperament to conquer the best music-hall audience than the worst-tempered concert-crowd. Perhaps the smoking has something to do with it. Anyway, English singers are missing a very lucrative opening.

Apropos of my paragraph of two weeks ago about the Payne family and the Covent Garden pantomime of 1866, and of the correction of my impression that I saw that charming actress, Rachel Sanger, in the part of Morgiana, I wonder if both my corrector and I can possibly be right, and whether for a portion of the run the actress in question played the heroine of the Eastern story. I have no programme to refer to, for unfortunately I did not begin to save my play-bills till ten years later than the date in question, and I am, therefore, unable to say authoritatively who was in the cast on the particular night on which I was at Covent Garden. I have, however, certain rough jottings concerning the theatres which I visited during my first decade in London, and it was from these I gathered the impression that it was Rachel Sanger's shadow which was so amusingly serenaded by Fred Payne. Among the multitude of readers of this column there may perhaps be some who can say "Yes" or "No" with certainty to my query. In the meantime, my corrector's play-bill must certainly be considered a weightier argument than my note-aided impression.

I was much grieved to hear of the death of Mr. J. N. Ellaby, the accomplished elocutionist, who died on the voyage out to Australia, whither he had been ordered as a last remedy against rapidly spreading lung-disease. Mr. Ellaby, who always appended the honorific initials B.A. to his name, was a scholarly and singularly intellectual reciter, and his performances of Shakspeare were always thoughtful and refined. I sometimes differed from his treatment of certain passages, but I ever recognised his earnestness and care. I was present at one of his very last appearances in London, when he gave "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at St. Martin's Town Hall, and even then I marvelled at his skill in the management of his vocal resources.

The death is announced, at the age of eighty-four, of Mr. Gilbert Maltby, father of Mr. Alfred Maltby, the comedian, who has never done anything better than his impersonation of Dawson, the tutor, in "Betsy." The elder Maltby had been a wine merchant in Nottingham.

The Carlyle shrine-making and the contemplated purchase of Turner's house are paralleled by the design of the American Shakspeare Society to buy and maintain as a memorial the cottage at Fordham where Edgar Allan Poe lived towards the close of his career. In this cottage his unhappy wife and cousin (*née* Virginia Clemm) died of consumption, accelerated by the effects of the winter weather, against which she was insufficiently protected, on Jan. 30, 1847. Nearly half a century later Poe's countrymen are thinking of commemorating in some fashion his bitter distress.

Although we cannot all of us boast of having "sat in the summer parlour of the king," as Miss Mary Brotherton prettily sings of her own visit to the late Laureate at Farringford, all true Tennysonians cherish glimpses, remembered or imagined, of the home where he was wont to—

... watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

The view of the house given on this page is borrowed from the *Album* Supplement for next Monday, which consists of a second series of views of the Isle of Wight, including Shanklin, Ventnor, Bonchurch, and all the chief places of interest on the southern side of the island. The other contents of the number are well up to the usual high level of excellence, literary and artistic.

So that rather distressing thoroughfare, Holywell Street, has, by the recent action of the London County Council, been spared for at least another year to grace (?) one of the busiest parts of London, or still further to congest the traffic where it would naturally be somewhat congested, for are there not numbers of *The Sketch* on view in a window in its immediate neighbourhood? When the long-desired day comes for this unsavoury street to be swept away, there will, I think, be little to regret in its summary removal. Truly there are still, I fancy, one or two lofty, gabled, deep-bayed fronts, and a little ancient carving; but what are they compared with the reputation earned by the thoroughfare in our city's annals? Strype tells us that in his day it was occupied by salesmen and piece-brokers, who had, I suppose, succeeded the respectable mercers who once had flourished there, and it rejoiced in the elegant name of the "Back Side of St. Clement's." Peter Cunningham describes it as "a narrow, dirty lane, occupied by vendors of low publications"; Allen dismisses it as a "narrow, inconvenient avenue of ill-formed houses"; while Leigh Hunt, in his "London Journal," passes by on the other side in a discreet silence. The thoroughfare was doubtless named after that Holy Well, hard by St. Clement's, of whose waters FitzStephen wrote that they were "sweet, salubrious, and clear"; and though, since the passing of Lord Campbell's Act, the morals of this thoroughfare have perforce greatly improved, one would not use either of the terms "sweet" or "salubrious" in connection with it, and I think it is "clear" that the sooner it is qualified to figure in the "Vanishing London" of a contemporary the better for us all.

There is said to be living in Louisiana a Virginian negro, named George Brown, who claims to have two titles to distinction. Not only does he possess a certificate showing that he was born in 1764, thus

Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan.



Miss Ella Russell.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

being the oldest man in America, but he avers that he used to act as servant to George Washington, for whom he often blacked boots and lighted cigars. Touchingly interesting if true!

A beautiful book deserves a beautiful dress, and nobody understands that better than Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press. He has just issued miniature editions (two inches by one and a-half inch) of "The Christian Year" and "The Imitation of Christ," in a most delightful series of bindings. Nothing could be prettier to touch; few things could be better to carry about with one.

Professor Marshall Hall, who went out to Australia not so very long ago to take up a University appointment at Melbourne, has lately met with a nasty accident. He was walking to a station one dark night, when he fell into an unguarded and unlighted drain, and dislocated his shoulder.



TENNYSON'S HOUSE, FARRINGFORD.

Photo by F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

Apropos of the Lyceum revival of "Romeo and Juliet," much has been said lately about Miss Adelaide Neilson's Juliet, and I am glad to be able to reproduce two photographs of her in the part. It was as Juliet that she made her first appearance in London, in 1865. She was then only seventeen, and her performance (at the Royalty Theatre) was witnessed only by two or three theatrical critics. But she greatly impressed her small audience, and after that her reputation was made and sustained.



MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON AS JULIET.
Photo by Sarony, New York.

So Dr. Max Nordau has come and gone without being made a hero or a martyr to any appreciable extent. He has been quietly entertained at a few places, and has promised to revisit this country, but he has maintained the attitude of reserve I expected him to take up. It would have looked very strange if the man who has shown us so many of our shortcomings had consented to pose for the public admiration. There can be no doubt that, as a race, we run after the people who abuse us. Eulogies leave us unmoved, a savage criticism inspires us with admiration for our critic. We reverence Carlyle, who spared nobody; we venerate Thackeray,

whose satire, though more genial, was quite as piercing. Lastly, Dr. Nordau has showered abuse on all of us, he has painted us as civilised savages, and although the *Daily Telegraph* recently discovered that we had discounted "Degeneration" by giving promenades and drinking licences to music-halls, nobody has seriously taken up the case for the defence in the interesting action of Nordau v. Humanity. When I read "Degeneration," I agreed with every word the author said about the follies of other people—I excepted myself, because I was so much in sympathy with the book, and had seen so many of the faults of my neighbours. And I sometimes think that many others see the overwhelming faults of their friends, and that, on this account, Dr. Nordau is esteemed.

In this age of specialists the West Herts Golf Club seems determined to show itself as *facile princeps*. At their annual dinner held on Saturday they introduced, according to their usual custom, an original topical musical sketch, invented and written by R. André, which was played in the course of the evening to the great amusement of a large and appreciative audience. Not only does this club keep their own poet, but they have a stage in their dining-room at the Hall, Bushey, and on this stage every year some new skit apropos of golf is produced. And herein lies the speciality of the West Herts Golf Club annual dinner. Like the old Romans the members and their guests cry out for "Panem et circenses," a good dinner and theatricals, and they get both. This year the novelty was entitled "A Fearsome Foursome," which was played by Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The captain of the club (Mr. Howard Williams) represented Europe, and he, in consequence of the world-wide craze for golf, asks the other quarters of the globe to supper—Asia, Mr. R. André; Africa, Mr. Rupert Sedgwick; and America, Mr. A. G. Ogan—where they discuss, among other trifles, the moral ethics of Sunday play. The accompanying illustration shows Africa giving his opinions in a song which produced roars of laughter. Altogether the evening's entertainment was a distinct success, and one that no other existing golf club could emulate.

The fair sex has at last taken violently to smoking, and their use of the fragrant weed is not unattended by little difficulties. A few nights ago I was at a dinner-party, where the hostess, who is a dear, old-fashioned lady, had a rather mixed multitude of "old" and "new" women. When dinner was over, at her request, the ladies who wished to smoke remained behind, and the rest went into the drawing-room. Personally, I never expected any of them would have the pluck to remain, but three did, with a result that was distinctly funny without being vulgar. The gentlemen who had a stock of such stories as are generally reserved for the hour of coffee and liqueurs were compelled to talk of other things, and

one or two company-directors who wished to discuss the African market "slump" could not breathe a word about it. And the dear ladies smoked their thin cigarettes, and tried to look as though they were enjoying them. At last, one of the ladies—acting, I believe, on a hint from her husband—rose up, the others followed, and this second exodus left us free to follow our own conversational fancies. If smoking for ladies is going to become the rule, I shall vote that a smoking-room be allotted to them, or that the Parisian dinner-table etiquette is extended to London.

Truly, some bookmakers are very lucky, despite the bitter outcry of the hard-up Birmingham layers. A well-known penciller told me a few nights ago that, down to an hour before the *Cesarewitch* was run, Rockdove's name was never on his books to win. At about two o'clock in the afternoon a man came up to him in the ring and backed it to win five hundred. That was all the money Rockdove cost him, and he must have won many thousands over the race. Had Florizel II. won, there would have been a general exodus of the very small layers, as there was last year, when Childwick brought the colours of Sir John Maple first past the post. I know that Sir John gave the good thing to his constituents in Penge and the neighbourhood, and that those who were laying the horse at starting-price found it better to seek fresh fields and punters new rather than stand the results of the win at twenty to one. This year, I daresay that the Prince of Wales's horse was backed all over England, to win an aggregate sum of millions of pounds.

The methods of some American journals are very amusing. They collect all the pretty photos they can find, and then the sub-editor is called upon to say something about them. The photos may be of people known in another country, or they may be of private persons unknown outside their own family circle. For one and all the sub-editorial fiction suffices. He will write under a photo: "This is a well-known foreign actress, who has a big reputation for comedy." The person in question may have no more to do with the stage than General Booth or the Wild Man from Borneo; but it does not matter. Out of his inner consciousness the wily sub. can evolve facts, and nobody cares much so long as the pictures are pretty. Only a few days back I came across one of the American papers in question, and found the usual mass of pretty photos, with the inevitable ludicrous labels. Just as I was putting it down, I came across a face that seemed familiar. Underneath was written: "This is a well-known child-actress, who has played juvenile parts for the last fifteen years." The sub-editor had taken a bad shot for once. The photo was of a well-known ballet-lady, who does not take child-parts, who has not been on the stage fifteen years, and who probably never appeared out of ballet and never will do so.



MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON AS JULIET.
Photo by Sarony, New York.



"A FEARSOME FOURSOME," PLAYED AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE WEST HERTS GOLF CLUB.

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MISS BRADDON'S LATEST.*

The publishing world would not be the publishing world without its annual volume from one of the most fertile pens now practising in literature. Miss Braddon is the Heroine of a Hundred Tales—or thereabouts. The reputation which began in the early 'sixties with "Lady Audley's Secret" has survived many a later-born and fiercer one. Many fresh dynasties have been inaugurated in the kingdom of fictional literature, and through them all the fame of the authoress of "Henry Dunbar," one of the most striking novels of social adventure ever written, has held its own. Miss Braddon began to write in a day when hyper-analysis was not—when the "theory of suppressed emotion," now current to the point of inanity in novel and play, did not obtain, and simple, strong emotions, broadly expressed, found favour. Then a villain was a villain, and no mistake, and a lady "such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red," whose misfortunes proceeded not from her own unruly temperament, but from the machinations of the villains round her. Then a novelist, with no more technical knowledge than could be gained from a diligent study of the police news and a selection of popular books on medical science, might fearlessly rush in where now experts almost fear to tread, into courts of law and doctors' consulting-rooms; whereas nowadays the unhappy searcher after "actuality" must visit "cells of madness, disease, and death" before he can go before an over-educated, over-critical public with his transcript of life. The very range of subject is different, and makes more various demands on the experience of the novelist. Who, in the days when Miss Braddon first began to write, would have thought of taking the hardy journalist for a hero, or the female of his kind for a heroine? *Dans le bon vieux temps* women worked and wept indeed, but not in type-writing offices! Unshackled by the exigencies of the fiendish accuracy of to-day, Miss Braddon's novels—the best of them—have all the effect of a spirited run with the hounds over an even country without a check. Such is her vigour, her *entrain*, her power of narrative, that we do not even stop to consider if we can take the fence of this or that charming improbability, but we take it flying, and are well on to the next delightful obstacle before we know where we are.

Of course, Miss Braddon has, to some extent, kept up with the times—not the neurotic times, be it understood. Her dialogue is always up to date; she is too good an artist not to make her characters talk as men and women of to-day do really talk. But her modernity is only skin-deep; adopted where it is dramatically necessary, and under protest. If she uses such a modern word as "personality," she takes care to put it in deprecatory quotation marks, and with a slighting comment on "the parrot jargon of the day"! Her heroine hesitates to jilt her lover for the exquisite reason that "Papa is away and has left her without a chaperon." "Why," she says, "if I were to palter with the situation, and play fast and loose with Allan, my father might think he had been mistaken in trusting me without a chaperon!" She wears neat Paris frocks, has beautiful manners, and "believes all promises sacred between well-bred people." We recognise in her the reactionary heroine who is coming into fashion—the new which is the old. The impatience of the old style with the new is summed up by Miss Braddon in the speeches of a certain Mrs. Mornington, "who had never heard anyone talked of as *simpatica* who had not a bee in her bonnet."

This unfortunate character is given to a Mrs. Wornock, the mother of one of the Sons of Fire, who, in her youth, has had a *grande passion* for the father of Allan, Lady Emily Carew's son, another Son of Fire. Miss Braddon is pleased so to call them, though anything less fiery than Allan Carew, the good-tempered squire, and Geoffrey Wornock, the musical *dilettante*, can hardly be imagined.

These two young gentlemen are in love with Suzette Vincent, the reactionary young lady we have described. She is engaged to Allan, the plodder, but Geoffrey, the musical "Son of Fire," in his absence, inveigles away her affections by the power of his music, and such modern arts of seduction. Here Miss Braddon tampers with a problem which has already engaged the attention of several "horrid end-of-the-century girls," as she herself calls them, who have lately not hesitated to develop the problem in some volumes of recent fiction.

Suzette is fully aware that Geoffrey "had won her heart, in spite of her better reason"; but she did not know how to resist a passion "so fervent and resolute—a spirit like Satan's"—and submitted to "a love that would not accept defeat." She is hypnotised by "this masterful nature, that possesses itself of her heart as of a mere chattel that must needs be the prize of the strongest." She is, in fact, subjugated by his stormy music and his strong "personality." (In deference to Miss Braddon we put this word in inverted commas.)

But it is an unblest affection. Geoffrey is what Professor Lombroso would call "a criminal through passion." He assaults and nearly murders his rival in the beech grove, and disappears a month before his wedding-day. His victim slowly recovers, but the wedding is, of course, put off, and the wedding-presents returned. While Suzette languidly paces "last year's bowers" on one dull day in autumn, which was to have been her wedding-day, she sees her whilom lover coming to her—

in frock-coat, light-grey trousers, white waistcoat, and tall hat. She had time to note these details, and the Malmaison carnation in his coat, and the light gloves which he was carrying, before he was at her side, looking down at her with wild, bloodshot eyes, grasping her arm with a strong hand, while those smart lavender gloves dropped from his unconscious grasp and fell on the wet gravel, to be trampled under foot like weeds.

"Why were you not at the church? Why are you wearing that dingy frock? You and your bridesmaids ought to have been ready an hour ago! I have been waiting for you. Have you forgotten what this day means?"

It is a highly dramatic scene. Geoffrey is raving mad, and Suzette has to employ the cajoleries proper to the keeper of a maniac before she can free herself and deliver him over to the strait-waistcoat. Meantime, Allan recovers, and the story ends with wedding-bells.

VIOLET HUNT.

MR. T. H. S. ESCOTT'S REMINISCENCES.*

The clever and kindly pen which directed the destinies of a classic weekly in one of that museum magazine's strongest and most subtle epochs has little need of apologising for the more personal output which takes shape in the present volume. Modestly, notwithstanding, excusing his rôle of "minor" auto-

biographer, on the plea of such familiar association with well-known persons and events as may interest the general reader, Mr. Escott places before us a record of remembrances no less interesting in its several subjects than ably symmetrical in its style. By owning "England, its People, Polity, and Pursuits," among his literary first-born, the author created a standard, however, which is well reached in the versatile and comprehensive pages, over which many shifting scenes of this latter half-century are sketched. Some lighter chapters, dealing with such reminiscences as "Lions and Lionesses in the 'Sixties," or "Further Glimpses in Old Bohemia," or, again, many humorous and interesting sketches of varied scenes in social life which came into the author's necessarily wide experience, are told with a gaiety and vigour that whet the appetite for following records, over whose wide range of subject the pepper-pot of piquant anecdote is still shaken generously.

To the fascinations which tavern-life exercised in and about the 'sixties for men in all professions, one is initiated in several realistic pages which sum up quaint memories of many motley meetings at "Evans's" and other much-affected haunts sacred to sociability and Chablis. Possibly, indeed, even less ambitious vintages were sought for inspiration, Chablis, at its best, being a beverage of redundant figure. One brief sketch of such evenings (already in Time's middle distance) I cannot forbear quoting—

Other notable figures, too, were nightly assembled in that historic Covent Garden saloon. The late Serjeant Ballantine was not less regularly retained on the establishment than Herr von Joel, skilled in extracting musical airs from walking-sticks. The *D.T.'s* editor, to-day Sir Edward Lawson, was pretty sure to be found at the same little table with the late Montagu Williams and the surviving Douglas Straight, while the few weeks famous Leopold Lewis, author of "The Bells," seldom missed an attendance. Serjeant Ballantine was then at a handsome manhood's zenith, and his forensic practice's prime, with a constitution which nothing could assail, a digestion that would thrive on horse-nails, a brain and frame which nothing could fatigue. The first streaks of dawn were often visible before he left his supper-table and entered the cab waiting to drive him to some terminus *en route* for an assize town and the "cases" awaiting him.

Most refreshing also to read the annals of sincere and simple private hospitalities exercised by many great and gone ones of Bohemia before the present straining after "smartness" left no motive for such friendly meetings. Nor is it only through Bohemian byways this autobiography leads us. Both as member of a well-known West Country family as from his vantage-ground as editor of the *Saturday Review*, a wide range of well-availed-of opportunities naturally came without calling to one who could at once approve and appraise their "values." So from Lord Palmerston's office in Downing Street, where we are vouchsafed a glimpse of the great Premier chewing toothpicks with gusto, to a delicately caustic account of George Eliot's St. John's Wood receptions, or, again, recalling Parliamentary pitched battles in the House or from the hustings, or back to stirring episodes of that halcyon time in every man's career, his undergraduate days, through each stage of a life that has so evidently been lived, one recognises a vivid, original mind that still shows no dust of travel in the freshness of its retrospect. No one can take up this book without deep interest in the men and matters it treats of, nor does it need that "wet Sunday" of the cynic to enhance the enjoyment of its perusal. Literary workmanship joined to genuine material make it readable at every page, at every paragraph, to be taken at random, or perused steadily from start to finish with equal certainty of appreciation.



* "Sons of Fire." By M. E. Braddon. London: Simpkin and Co., Limited.

* "Platform, Press, Politics, and Play." By T. H. S. Escott, M.A. Bristol: J. Arrowsmith.



MISS ELLA RUSSELL AS ELSA IN "LOHENGRIN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINSON, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.

SOME FEMALE HAMLETS.

It is amusing, in a busy world, to find Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer's recent appearance in the provinces in the garb of the melancholy Dane coupled by the superficialists with the lady footballers as the latest phase of the New Woman aberration. So far from being influenced by the craze, the stage may be said to have pioneered it; for, after all, the New Woman is only a very old woman in up-to-date habiliments. Few but will concede that the first actress who trod the boards was an emancipated woman; possibly, too, the converse holds good. Leaving generalities, however, and descending to particulars, it is passing strange that, in an age when most theatrical conventions have gone by the board, the



MRS. BANDMANN-PALMER AS HAMLET.

bizarre tradition of the Female Hamlet, now fully a century established, should still be fighting for its existence.

According to Mr. J. C. Dibdin's "Annals of the Edinburgh Stage," Mrs. Bulkley, a popular leading actress, played Hamlet for the first time on any stage in the Scottish capital on April 23, 1785, the occasion being the lady's benefit. The *Courant* considered the performance "wonderful," and added that "for some time it was, perhaps, difficult to forget the impropriety of a woman playing the part, yet, in the course of the play, the just and great applause of the audience gave complete evidence that the circumstance was forgotten, and her excellence in the character soon got the better of prejudice." It says little for the merits of the mere male men players of the period that Mrs. Bulkley's reading of the part was decidedly above the average. Not many years after, Mrs. Powell, of Drury Lane (she who had once been a fellow-servant of Lady Hamilton's) developed a mania for playing Hamlet. Her success in the character stimulated her to appear as Young Norval to Mrs. Siddons' Lady Randolph.

Very soon the microbe of feminine masculinity found its way to America. At the Park Theatre, New York, on March 29, 1819, Mrs. Bartley, the celebrated tragic actress, who had a morbid leaning towards male rôles, sustained the melancholy Dane, and, about three months afterwards, Mrs. Barnes was seen in the same character at the same house. Mrs. Barnes was evidently badly attacked, as her daughter Charlotte donned the "inky cloak" to considerable advantage in after years. On May 22, 1822, New York was treated to another female Hamlet, in the person of Mrs. Battersby. By the way, it is a singular fact that seventy per cent. of the actresses who tried a fall with the character were married women. Is it safe to deduce from this that, to most actresses, it required the enlarged horizon of wedlock to enable them to grasp its philosophies?

Among actresses of distinction who essayed the rôle, we find Mrs. Glover, who certainly prayed with fervour that her solid flesh would melt when she donned the Dane's habiliments for her benefit at the Lyceum in June 1821. Not even Burbage could have been more fat and scant of breath than this estimable lady. Nevertheless, she fenced magnificently with Laertes, and showed that she must have been all attention during the four lessons she received from the younger Angelo.

Enconced in the stage-box, "taking stock," were Edmund Kean, Munden, and others. At the end of the first act, the great little tragedian went behind, and, taking Mrs. Glover by both hands, effusively ejaculated, "Excellent! excellent!" To which the lady made quick reply, "Away, you flatterer! You come in mockery, to scorn and scoff at our solemnity!"

In America, the tradition, if anything, took firmer root than with us. About the year 1840, Mrs. Shaw frequently played Hamlet at the Bowery Theatre, New York. In 1843 Mrs. Brougham sustained the character in the same city for her benefit, and was followed, six years later, by Fanny Wallack, whose Prince of Denmark enjoyed considerable vogue.

Few actresses of the first water who have gained distinction in essentially womanly characters have been able at will entirely to suppress the *odor di femmina*. Temperaments of this nature seldom find their way to the stage. Once upon a time, however, a woman's heart and a man's intellect inhabited the same frame. It was this rare combination that made Charlotte Cushman pre-eminent among artistic interpreters of virile rôles that enabled her to play Cardinal Wolsey, and to take her place unblushingly side by side with the finest Romcos of the English-speaking stage. As Hamlet, she had been seen in New York at Brougham's Lyceum on Nov. 24, 1851. Hers was a quiet, conventional reading of the part, down to the breaking of Ophelia's fan. In all her wide range, nothing gave her greater pleasure in the performing. Every inch a prince, her delivery was remarkable even at a time when elocution occupied a position of undue importance amid the multifarious elements of histrionics. Rightly or wrongly, she considered her Hamlet the most brilliant of her efforts. It certainly was the most exhausting.

Second only to the Cushman in male rôles was her brilliantly erratic fellow-countrywoman, Charlotte Crampton, an actress of short stature and pronounced versatility, concerning whom Macready is reputed to have said, "If she were but a foot taller she would startle the world." The precursor of Ada Isaacs Menken as Mazeppa, Mrs. Crampton had a perfect mania for appearing in such rôles as Hamlet, Richard III., and Shylock. She was a much-married brunette, with a strong, sweet voice, and a style of acting somewhat similar to the more widely known Madame Céleste. In some respects she had her counterpart in her taller English contemporary, Mrs. Nunn, who died, only a year or two ago, at the ripe



MISS MARRIOTT AS HAMLET.

age of eighty. For long favourably associated with the West York circuit, Mrs. Nunn had fretted and strutted her hour as Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, and William in "Black-Eyed Susan." She was conspicuously successful in Othello—a rôle no other woman has ever attempted. Mrs. Waller, a superb tragedienne (pre-eminent in Lady Macbeth and Meg Merrilies), who had played Iago at Albany in 1858, is also to be reckoned in the list of female Hamlets. Possibly no actress, recent or remote, has appeared so often in the melancholy Dane as Miss Marriott. Her début in the part was evidently made at Sadler's Wells, under her own management, on Feb. 22, 1864. Five years later, when this sterling actress visited America, she elected to make her bow to a New York



THE SISTERS POOLE IN A LIVING PICTURE STUDY AFTER GAINSBOROUGH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

audience at the Metropolitan Theatre in the selfsame character. Subsequently she became an accepted provincial Hamlet, and even ventured, on occasion, to appear as Young Norval in the *Land o' Cakes*.

With the audacity that only an infinitesimal organism can assume, our microbe finally found its way to France, where, however, the atmosphere was not conducive to its propagation. In Paris no actress has dared to challenge criticism in Hamlet since Madame Judith gave her ineffective rendering of the part at the Gaité Theatre in 1867. Australia has had her representatives in Mrs. Louise Pomeroy, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. Evans. A somewhat romantic appearance in Hamlet (if only in a single act of the tragedy) was that of Winnetta Montague, whose husband, the fascinating and gifted Walter Montgomery, shot himself under mysterious circumstances four days after their marriage. A few months after the funeral, when she had scattered her bridal-wreath in the grave, the bereaved lady returned to America, and, although quite new to the stage, appeared as the young Prince, at Albany, arrayed in the dead actor's clothes. Mr. Laurence Hutton, in his "Curiosities of the American Stage," exercises his wit rather ungallantly in telling us that "Miss Julia Seaman, an English actress of fine figure, who played the Devil in the spectacle of 'The White Fawn' at Niblo's Garden . . . succeeded in doing as much with Hamlet at Booth's Theatre in 1874."

Conspicuous among the women of strong individuality whom America seems fated to produce stands Miss Anna Dickinson. Quakeress by descent, the Dickinson had been successively schoolmistress, lecturer, and actress. In 1862 she entered the arena as a public pleader on behalf of the Abolitionists, and subsequently made a speech before

Congress which won her a national reputation. Taking to the stage somewhat late in life, her career was meteoric, and was marked by a flash of notoriety in her impersonation of Hamlet.

Of other female representatives of the rôle, such as Mrs. Sophie Miles, Miss Rachel Denvil, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Miss Adèle Belgarde, Miss Nellie Holbrook, and Miss Eliza Warren, records are scanty and uninteresting.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

TO SWEET SIXTEEN.

To Sweet Sixteen I herewith send
A little birthday dividend:
'Tis not in silver, cheque, nor gold—
'Tis just a wish that Joy may mould
Your life, that Fortune may attend.

I sometimes think that one might mend
The broken days if one could wend
One's way across the lengthening wold
To Sweet Sixteen.

Then, Mistress mine, I pray thee, spend
The days in gladness. Time will lend
Its sombre shadows, I am told,
When one grows weary, worn, and old—
Why should I preach about the end
To Sweet Sixteen?

B.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LULIBAN OF THE POOL.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

A boy and a girl sat by the rocky margin of a deep mountain pool in Ponape, in the North Pacific. The girl was weaving a basket from the leaves of a cocoanut. As she wove, she sang the "Song of Luliban," and the boy listened intently.

"'Tis a fine song that thou singest, Niya," said the boy, who came from Metalanien and was a stranger; "and who was Luliban, and Red-Hair the White Man?"

"O Guk!" said Niya wonderingly; "hast never heard in Metalanien of Luliban, she who dived with one husband and came up with another—in this very pool?"

"What new lie is this thou tellest to the boy because he is a stranger?" said a white man, who lay resting in the thick grass, waiting for the basket to be finished, for the three were going further up the mountain-stream to catch crayfish.

"Lie?" said the child; "nay, 'tis no lie. Is not this the Pool of Luliban, and do not we sing the 'Song of Luliban,' and was not Red-Hair the White Man—he that lived in Jakoits and built the big sailing-boat for Nanakin, the father of Nanakin, my father, the chief of Jakoits?"

"True, Niya, true," said the white man; "I did but jest; but tell thou the tale to Sru, so that he may carry it home with him to Metalanien."

Then Niya, daughter of Nanakin, told Sru, the boy from Metalanien, the tale of Luliban of the Pool, and her husband, the white man called "Red-Hair," and her lover, the tattooed beachcomber, called "Harry from Yap."

"It was in the days before the fighting-ship went into Kiti Harbour and burnt the seven whaleships as they lay at anchor* that Red-Hair the White Man lived at Jakoits. He was a very strong man, and because that he was cunning and clever at fishing and killing the wild boar and carpentry, his house was full of riches, for Nanakin's heart was towards him always."

"Was it he who killed the three white men at Roän Kiti?" asked the white man.

"Aye," answered Niya, "he it was. They came in a little ship, and because of bitter words over the price of some tortoise-shell, he and the men of Nanakin slew them. And Red-Hair burnt the ship and sank her. And for this was Nanakin's heart bigger than ever to Red-Hair, for out of the ship, before he burnt her, he took many riches—knives, guns and powder, and beads and pieces of silk—and half of all he gave to Nanakin."

"Huh!" said Sru, the boy. "He was a fine man!"

"Now, Harry from Yap and Red-Hair hated one another because of Luliban, whom Nanakin had given to Red-Hair for wife. This man, Harry, lived at Ngatik, the island off the coast, where the turtles breed, and whenever he came to Jakoits he would go to Red-Hair's house and drink grog with him, so that they would both lie on the mats drunk together. Sometimes the name of Luliban would come between them, and then they would fight and try to kill each other; but Nanakin's men would always watch and part them in time. And all this was because that Luliban had loved Harry from Yap before she became wife to Red-Hair. The men favoured the husband of Luliban because of Nanakin's friendship to him, and the women liked best Harry from Yap because of his gay songs and his dances, which he had learnt from the people of Yap and Rük and Hogelu, in the far West, but most of all for his handsome figure and his tattooed skin."

"One day it came about that his grog was all gone, and his spirit was vexed, and Red-Hair beat Luliban, and she planned his death from that day. But Nanakin dissuaded her, and said, 'It cannot be done; he is too great a man for me to kill. Be wise and forget his blows.'

"Then Luliban sent a messenger to Ngatik to Harry. He came and brought with him many square bottles of grog, and went in to Red-Hair's house, and they drank and quarrelled as they ever did; but because of what lay in his mind Harry got not drunk, for his eyes were always fixed on the face of Luliban."

"At last, when Red-Hair was fallen down on the mats, Luliban whispered to Harry, and he rose and lay down on a couch that was placed against the cane sides of the house. When all were asleep, Luliban stole outside and placed her face against the side of the house and called to Harry, who feigned to sleep. And then he and she talked for a long time. Then the white man got up and went to Nanakin, the chief, and talked long with him also."

"Said Nanakin the chief, 'O white man, thou art full of cunning, and my heart is with thee. Yet what will it profit me if Red-Hair dies?'

"All that is now his shall be thine," said Harry.

"And what shall I give thee?" said Nanakin.

"Only Luliban," said the white man with the tattooed body."

"On the morrow, as the day touched the night, the people of Jakoits danced in front of Nanakin's house, and Harry, with flowers in his hair

and his body oiled and stained with turmeric, danced also. Now, among those who watched him was Luliban, and presently her husband sought her and drove her away, saying, 'Get thee to my house, little beast. What dost thou here watching this fool dance?'

"Harry but laughed and danced the more, and then Red-Hair gave him foul words. When the dance was ended, Harry went up to Red-Hair and said, 'Get thee home also, thou cutter of sleeping men's throats. I am a better man than thee. There is nothing that thou hast done that I cannot do.'

"Then Nanakin, whose mouth was ready with words put therein by Luliban, said, 'Nay, Harry, thou dost but boast. Thou canst not walk under the water in the deep pool with a heavy stone on thy shoulder—as Red-Hair has done.'

"Bah!" said Harry. "What he can do, that I can do."

"Now, for a man to go in at one end of this pool here"—and Niya nodded her head to the waters at her feet—"and walk along the bottom and come out at the farther end is no great task, and, as for carrying a heavy stone, that doth but make the task easier; but in those days there were devils who lived in a cave that is beneath where we now sit, and none of our people ever bathed here, for fear they would be seized and dragged down. But yet had Red-Hair one day put a stone upon his shoulder, and carried it under the water from one end of the pool to another—this to show the people that he feared no devils. But of the cave that can be gained by diving under the wall of rock he knew nothing—only to a few was it known."

"Show this boaster his folly," said Nanakin to Red-Hair, who was chewing his beard with wrath. And so it was agreed upon the morrow that the two white men should walk each with a stone upon his shoulder, in at one end of the deep pool and come out at the other, and Harry should prove his boast, that in all things he was equal to Red-Hair."

"When Red-Hair went back to his house, Luliban was gone, and some said she had fled to the mountains, and he reproached Nanakin, saying, 'Thy daughter hath fled to Ngatik to the house of Harry. I will have her life and his for this.' But Nanakin smoothed his face and said, 'Nay, not so; but first put this boaster to shame before the people, and he shall die, and Luliban be found.'

"Now, Luliban was hid in another village, and when the time drew near for the trial at the pool she went there before the people. In her hand she carried a sharp *toki* (tomahawk) and a long piece of strong cinnet with a looped end. She dived in and clambered out again underneath and waited. The cave is not dark, for there are many fissures in the top through which light comes when the sun is high."

"The people gathered round, and laughed and talked as the two white men stripped naked, save for narrow girdles of leaves round their loins. The skin of Red-Hair was as white as sand that lies always in the sun; that of Harry was brown, and covered from his neck to his feet with strange tattooing, more beautiful than that of the men of Ponape."

"They looked at each other with blood in their eyes, and the long yellow teeth of Red-Hair ground together, but no words passed between them till Red-Hair, poising a great stone on his shoulder, called out to Harry, 'Follow me, O boastful stealer of my wife, and drown thy blue carcass.'

"Then he walked in, and Harry, also with a heavy stone, followed him. Ere one could count a score those that watched could not see Harry, because of the depth of the water and the darkness of his skin. But the white skin of Red-Hair gleamed like the belly of a shark when it turneth—then it disappeared."

"When they were half-way through, a stone fell through a fissure of the cave, and Luliban, who watched for the signal, dived outwards with the line of cinnet, and came behind Red-Hair and put the noose over his left foot, and Harry, who followed close, cast the stone he carried away and raised his hand and stabbed him in the belly as he turned, and then, with Luliban and he dragging tight the line of cinnet, they shot up from beneath the water into the cave, and pulled Red-Hair after them."

"The people had gathered at the farther end of the pool to see the two men come up; and when they came not, they wondered, and someone said: 'The devils have seized them!'

"Then Nanakin, who alone remained on the top of the rocks, called out, 'Alas for the white men! I can see bubbles, and the water is bloody,' and he beat his head on the rocks and made great grief, and called out to the devils in the cave, 'Spare me my white men, O devils of the cave! spare me my good white men! But, if one must die, let it be him that hath offended.'

"Ah! he was a cunning man, was Nanakin, the father of Nanakin my father."

"The men and the women and children ran up again from the end of the pool; for, although they were greatly afraid, they durst not leave their chief by himself to beat out his head upon the stones. So they clustered round him, and wailed also with him. And Nanakin raised his voice again and again, and called out to the devils of the pool to spare him one white man; and the people called out with him. Yet

* The Shenandoah, in 1866.

none of them dared look upon the water of the pool; only Nanakin turned his eyes that way.

"At last the chief said, 'Ho, what is that?' and he pointed to the water, and they saw bubbles again rise up and break the surface of the water. 'Now shall I know if my white men are dead.'

"And, as they looked, behold! there shot up from the water a yellow gourd, and the men shouted, some in wonder and more in fear. And Nanakin leaned over the edge of the rock, and stretched out his hand and drew the gourd to him. Then he took it in his hand, and lo! there was tied to the neck a piece of plaited cinnet, which ran deep down into the water under the rock.

"Again Nanakin called out to his men, who stood crouched up behind him. 'What shall I do with this? Shall I pull it up?'

"And then—so the people said—there came a voice from the bowels of the earth, which said, 'Pull!'

"So they drew in the line, and as they drew, it became heavy, and then something came up with a splash, and those that held the line looked over, and lo! there was the head of Red-Hair, wet and bloody, tied to the end of it by the ear.

"The head was laid upon the rock; and then the people would have turned and fled, but that Nanakin and two of his priests said there was now no fear, as the cave devils were angry alone with Red-Hair, who had twice braved them.

"Then the two priests and Nanakin leant over the wall of rocks and called out again for the life of Harry to be spared; and as they called, he shot out from underneath and held out his hands, and they pulled him in.

"Let us away from here quickly,' was all he said. 'I thank thee, O chief, for thy prayers; else had the devils of the pool taken off my head as they have taken off that of Red-Hair, and devoured my body as they have devoured his.'

"Then the people picked him up, for he was weak, and everyone that was there left the pool in fear and trembling, except Nanakin and the two priests, who laughed inwardly.

"When all was quiet, Luliban, too, came up from under the water and dried her body, and oiled and scented her hair from a flask that she had hidden in the bushes, and went back to Red-Hair's house, and, with downcast face but a merry heart, asked her women to plead with her husband not to beat her for running away. Then they told her of the doings at the pool.

"When ten days were gone by for mourning, Luliban became wife to Harry from Yap, and he took her with him to Ngatik, and the favour of Nanakin that was once Red-Hair's became his, and he prospered. And for long, long years no one knew how it was that Red-Hair lost his head till Luliban told it."

"Huh!" said Sru, the boy, admiringly. "He was a fine man, that Red-Hair; but the white man with the tattooed skin was a better."

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

III.—TWO COLLECTORS.

The delight of his youth had become the burden of his old age. Forty years ago, Wormald desired nothing better than to spend a whole day in book-hunting. Regardless of fatigue and of shoe-leather, he tramped the London pavement, rifling fourpenny-boxes, and handling enviously the volumes he could not afford. To-day, he still collected, but not for himself; he was "collector," in the trade sense of the word, at a large bookseller's. Every morning he set forth with his list of works to be procured from the publisher or sought at second-hand shops. The pavement was harder now than of old. About noon, his legs grew shaky, and often enough he breathed a malison on the heavy volumes that strained his stooping back.

Could he but creep into some quiet corner, and there lie unmolested, with never a book in sight!

Forty years ago, he pictured for himself quite another close of life. He bore a brain; the world must yield before him; poverty could not repress his noble rage. Nor was specific hope denied. There came the moneyed friend, who read and admired his poems—yea, who bore the expense of printing them. A glorious day! His little blue volume was the latest birth of time; for this had the great world toiled and travailed through ages numberless; with this began a new era! Reviewers gave it but a chilly welcome, the little blue volume. The public sought it not. No matter! What was the reception of "Endymion"? What of "The Revolt of Islam"?

In those days he had a fine head of hair, a beaming eye, ripe lips that smiled seductively or with disdain. If hunger pinched him, he did not much care. It was natural to him to walk with gallant mien—*erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*. Now, the poor old hat served to disguise his baldness; his eyes were rheumy, dim; he plodded looking on the ground. The world had been too strong for him. No second volume had ever come forth with his name on the title-page, and of the little blue book not even he possessed a copy. All he once owned had gone to wreck—scattered like the memories of his life in waste places, in remote deeps.

One morning, as he stood in the shop making up his collecting-book, writing to dictation, an incredible thing happened.

"Songs of Youth." By Alfred Wormald. Robinson, 1852."

His hand paused; he looked up at the dictator.

"What? I didn't quite hear—"

"Some bygone namesake of yours, Mr. Wormald. 'Songs of Youth'—"

The details were repeated, and Wormald mechanically jotted them down. Then followed a dozen other books, and the list was finished; then the collector again spoke.

"Can you tell me whose order that is, sir?" His voice shook a little.

"The 'Songs of Youth'—"

"Why—you don't mean to say—?"

"Yes, I wrote it; I published it—"

"Ah! Odd thing! Let me see; it's Mr. Freshwater, of Chiswick. You probably have a copy to dispose of?"

Wormald shook his head, muttered a few indistinct remarks, and set out for the day's work. But not in his wonted frame of mind. Instead of making doggedly towards the first point indicated by his list, he began to stray about the streets, abstracted, heedless of duty. Gradually he was grasping the fact that some mortal desired to obtain his little blue volume. Such a thing had never happened in his eight years' collectorship; nay, such a thing had never occurred to him as possible. What could it mean? Who was Mr. Freshwater, of Chiswick?

At length, having wandered quite out of his way, he checked himself, and stood staring at the nearest shop. "Can't you understand? It is the very truth. Mr. Freshwater, of Chiswick, wants your book, has given a special order for it, is eager to obtain it. A student of literature, no doubt; perhaps himself a poet. Someone has spoken to him of 'Songs of Youth.' Someone has read passages to him. He was moved with enthusiasm, with wonder that he had never heard the name of Alfred Wormald. He wrote at once to his bookseller—"

The old man straightened himself, seemed to shake off a score of years. Having a few coppers in his pocket, he made for a public-house, and drank a glass of spirits. Now he was ready!

That day he sought in vain. Robinson, a publisher extant in 1852, had long since vanished into space—forgotten, as the booksellers of old Rome. "Songs of Youth" could not be heard of. On the morrow Wormald pursued his task, struggling against a profound discouragement. On the third day it was decided to advertise in the *Publishers' Circular*, but not until the advertisement had been repeated did it elicit a response. Then came a postcard from a bookseller of Birmingham, who could supply one copy of "Songs of Youth," minus fly-leaf, and in poor condition generally, price one shilling. Wormald was told of this, and his heart leapt. The time of suspense, the long tramps to every shop and stall of which he knew, had visibly enfeebled him; he suffered now from a ceaseless trembling of one hand, and from strange sensations in the leg on the other side.

The volume, as he ascertained (it was become something of a joke in the shop), had been despatched to Mr. Freshwater on Friday. On Saturday afternoon, having made himself as presentable as he could, the old man journeyed to Chiswick. The directory had informed him of Mr. Freshwater's address; of course, he would not allow his employers to suspect the purpose in his mind.

A large house; a fine old garden, just now in summer loveliness. Wormald shook in every limb as he approached the front door. Mr. Freshwater might not be at home; in that case it would be best to go away without leaving a name, and to write a letter. Would not the letter have been a wiser course, to begin with? Well, he was here now, and would take his chance. Yes, Mr. Freshwater was within. What name? With dry, half-paralysed tongue, he gasped "Alfred Wormald," then hurriedly repeated it, with the prefix "Mister."

And he was led through the hall into the library—a beautiful, luxurious room, the kind of room which, forty years ago, would have given his pulses a divine thrill. Mr. Freshwater stood there by his writing-table; he was a smooth-shaven, shrewd-faced man of middle-age, tending to corpulency, and he regarded the visitor with a polite surprise.

"Sir—I am Alfred Wormald."

"Oh—ah—I'm afraid I don't recall your name."

The old man tottered slightly; his eyes wandered.

"You have received from your booksellers, sir, a copy of 'Songs of Youth'—"

His tongue failed; he had so strange a look that Mr. Freshwater began to feel uneasy.

"'Songs of Youth'—have I? I suppose my librarian ordered it. A volume of poems, I suppose? How—what do you wish to see me about?"

The other, commanding himself, fixed upon Mr. Freshwater a look not without dignity.

"You collect poetical works, sir?"

"Why, yes, I do. But I must refer you to my librarian about that. Not all poetical works. I am at present getting together those published in the Victorian time by houses which have ceased to exist. Presumably, you are in the trade? Have you a catalogue? By all means send it. I shall next be turning my attention to early Victorian periodicals. But by all means send in your catalogue. You had no other business with me?"

"Thank you, sir, that was all."

And Wormald withdrew.

"Queer old chap," Mr. Freshwater murmured to himself. "Broken-down bookseller, evidently. There ought to be a home for them."

He resumed his seat and the examination of the latest volume of "Book Prices Current."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MAKE HASTE.—A. J. ELSLEY.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol (the owners of the copyright), who have just published an important engraving of the picture.

ART NOTES.

The Baroness Emmuska Orczy's edition of "Old Hungarian Fairy Tales," published by Messrs. Dean and Son, is a delightful little book, with some very charming illustrations by Montagu Barstow. The duel of the two beetles over the hand of the lady fire-fly is a very pretty idea, and the illustration of the duel in the moonlight has a good deal of real humour; the history of Forget-me-not, again, is an extremely pretty story with some nice little illustrations. We are not aware that Hungary is a land particularly enchanted by fairies, but there can be no doubt that its fairies are enchanting enough.

The Society of Portrait Painters has a very pleasant exhibition this year at the New Gallery, which signifies a kind of resurrection in at least the business of art in London. There is a little Whistler which is not exactly of importance as a Whistler, but which has a good deal of individual charm. An extraordinarily faithful portrait of an old lady, painted some thirty years ago by Mr. Sandys, hangs in this Gallery. Mr. Sandys has been praised as though another Van Eyck had arisen in our midst. He is certainly not that, or anything like that; but he has an amazing power of minute observation, which never fails him in



A LONDON WAIF.—C. E. HALLÉ.

unerring accuracy and completeness. Mr. J. J. Shannon has a very charming child's portrait, and M. Bouveret's portrait of "Paul van Stettin" is not only a fine achievement in the commoner ways of paint, but also a beautiful and æsthetic study in atmosphere and light.

The rather unsavoury subject of "art studies," under the guise of "alleged indecent photographs," has been recurring once more in the somewhat muggy records of the police-court. The defence in the recent particular case was to the effect that, "as for the character of the photographs, they were certainly studies of the nude, but were rather art studies than the obscene pictures intended by the Act." It is, indeed, a curious fact that, at this time of day, there should be any question about the difference between obscenity and art; and it is more than irritating to find any confusion over the matter. A mere study of the nude is one thing; an obscene study of the nude is another; and it does not need more than a glance to decide which is one and which is the other. It is most objectionable to find that the excuse of art can ever be given for the fact of obscenity, which has no excuse, where art needs none.

"The Pageant" is the name of a winter book, edited by Mr. C. H. Shannon and Mr. Gleeson White, which Messrs. Henry announce. It seems to be intended as a rival to "The Yellow Book." There will be art contributions by, among others, D. G. Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir J. E. Millais, and Messrs. G. F. Watts, Whistler, Ricketts, Rothenstein, Charles Conder, Housman, and Shannon. Among the literary contributors are Mr. Swinburne, Paul Verlaine, W. B. Yeats, W. E. Henley, Theodore Watts, Frederick Wedmore, Margaret L. Woods, York Powell, John Gray, Richard Garnett, Maeterlinck, Max Beerbohm, Lionel Johnson, and Cunninghame Graham. The ordinary edition will cost six shillings net.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., at the suggestion of the Kyrle Society, has most generously presented to the Missions to Seamen Institute, Poplar, an original chalk drawing of his famous picture "Hope." The drawing, which is 5 ft. high and 3 ft. 6 in. broad, will hang in the large recreation-room of the Institute, and will be seen daily by several hundred seamen.



THE BEETLES.

From "Old Hungarian Fairy Tales" (Dean and Son).

It is difficult to adequately estimate the refining influence of such a work of art, and all who are interested in the welfare of seamen owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Watts for the kindly thought that prompted so generous a gift.

There never was so convinced a Conservative as Mr. William Morris in the matter of architecture, and it is one of his central axioms in this regard that London is the land of horror and black night. He has been telling us so again, with the interesting addition that the horror and black night are increasing; that London is drifting from the things that were



FORGET-ME-NOT ASLEEP.

From "Old Hungarian Fairy Tales" (Dean and Son).

bad to the things that are worse. It is true, indeed, that London is, for the most part, not a dream of beauty; but it is surely a little hard to say that London is getting worse. There are some modern corners which have quite a charm about them, particularly in the newer regions of Chelsea; and nothing is quite so bad of the new order as the houses of the West-End squares. On the whole, we refuse to follow Mr. Morris's extreme paths of pessimism.



THE CHARM.



MISS HENDERSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

AT THE "ZOO."

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



HER MAJESTY'S AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S LIONS.



THE POLAR BEAR.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

While bookmakers are grumbling over their continual losses, the professional backers, week after week, say their accounts have come out on the wrong side. The layers have a real grievance just now. All the latest information seems to be available to the plungers, and it seems, when one of the most prominent of these has a big sum on any horse, the public follow suit. The result is, that only one horse is backed. True, the bookie has the field running for him, but the field is of little use when the plungers know something.

Jockeys have a weakness for having their photographs taken, and I learn on good authority the knights of the pigskin are capital customers to the photographers. One of the fashionable jockeys has posed six times to one camera, and I am told he ordered several dozens of each set, so he must have no end of friends and acquaintances. I hear that one of the leading riders has obliged quite two dozen editors with copies of his picture for reproduction. Fred Archer, who had the reputation of being a saving young man, never tipped the waiter; instead, he gave the waiter a tip. Some of the present-day jockeys, methinks, give a photo!

A few years ago there were but two kinds of trainers of racehorses—those who had been jockeys, and were compelled by increasing weight to seek some other means of income, and those who had descended from families of trainers. The rapid development of the public

trainer has, however, wrought some change in the character of those who prepare horses for their engagements, and nowadays even scions of our old nobility are not too proud to earn a few honest sovereigns by exhibition of talents in this direction. Some young men, indeed, are educated for the purpose, as they would be for the law or medicine, and among these must be included Lukie, the Ilsley trainer, whose portrait is given here. Our youngest trainer was born at Surbiton so recently as 1872, and, after receiving a respectable scholastic education, Mr. Waugh, the well-known trainer of Newmarket, took charge of him, with the intention of qualifying the youngster for a profession of which he himself was and is an ornament. Young Lukie had never been on the top side of a horse before going to



MR. H. G. LUKIE.

Photo by Bailey, St. John's Wood.

Newmarket, but soon acquired the knack of riding trials, and, studying hard, picked up a knowledge of horses and their needs, which now stands him in good stead.

At twenty-one, his apprenticeship terminated, and, at the same time, Mr. Seruby offered him some horses to train. These he accepted, took them to Ilsley, and was not long in charge of them before he proved his capacity by preparing Dereham (a very disappointing animal prior to that time) for his engagement in the Grand Annual Hurdle-Race at Sandown Park, which he won from a field of good timber-toppers. Going on the Leicester, the grey scored again, and he would, in all probability, have won the Sandown Park Grand Prize if he had not unfortunately broken down a hurdle from home, and could only finish second to Caerlaverock. The season of 1894, under the Rules of Racing, commenced at Kempton Park and Newcastle, and the second race at the former battle-ground was secured by Mouton, also trained by Lukie.

Altogether, with very moderate material to work upon, this energetic young trainer has sent forth between thirty and forty winners in two seasons. There are about a score of animals under his charge just now, and he has recently had the pleasure of leading back a winner in Jersey, namely, Poor Box, an animal who was cast out of the Kingsclere stable, but is not too bad to prevent Lukie getting a race out of him. The owner of Poor Box is so well pleased with Lukie's efforts that he intends, I believe, to send more horses to Ilsley. Lukie believes in seeing to the horses himself, and is never at Ilsley without going out with his own team in the morning. He seems to have picked up something like William P'Anson's knack of making horses stay; so, when he leads back the winner of the Chester Cup or Cesarewitch, I hope to be the first to congratulate him.

The jumping season will soon be upon us, and I am glad to hear there are some very promising young horses in training. Escott has some likely animals under his charge at Lewes, and, if rumour is right, he is likely to lead back the winner of next year's Grand National. Captain Machell's return to the jumping business augurs well for the sport. It is a pity that the Newmarket trainers generally do not patronise steeplechasing. Many of their flat-race failures would shine over the sticks. Austerlitz was bought at Newmarket for 250 guineas, and Red Rube for a unit less. No matter about a horse's fleetness or want of it, if he is built right and possesses fine, sound legs.

THE QUEEN'S MEWS, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Photographs by Peach, Church End, N.

There are no elephants on exhibition at the Queen's Mews, as there were in the days when Lindley Murray's grammatical soul was almost trampled out by my lord the elephant in the Buckingham House riding-school;

but the Royal Stables do not require any such exciting accessories to make them worth a visit. To be strictly accurate, the elephants in question were not exhibited at the Mews, which are of much later date than the riding-house, an appanage of the former Buckingham House. The Mews did not come into existence until 1825, and are contemporary with the neighbouring palace. On its own merits, then, the home of her Majesty's horses can lay claim to interest and importance. It is one of those national shows which a far-seeing imperialism takes care to exhibit to distinguished foreign sojourners among us. Hither very recently came a gentleman to whom elephants would have been but stale entertainment. He



MR. NICHOLAS, SUPERINTENDENT OF STABLES.

found the place engrossing. The Shahzada sat in the quadrangle of the Mews, and had the treasures thereof trotted or wheeled or carried out for his inspection and delectation. Hither, too, by the courtesy of Mr. Nicholas, came a *Sketch* representative, who preferred—for the September sun had turned the quadrangle to an oven—to walk quietly round the stables, coach-houses, and harness-rooms under the guidance of an obliging and well-informed official whom the superintendent detailed to escort the visitor.

Precisians may assert that a horse should take precedence of its harness; but our guide evidently thought otherwise, for he first exhibited the State Harness-room, a lofty apartment on the left side of the quadrangle. The room is fitted with high glass cases, in which the gorgeous trappings are preserved from damp and dust. Most important in this collection are the eight sets of State harness in red morocco, worn by the Queen's famous cream "ponies." There are, in all, eight sets of State harness, which means outfit for forty-eight horses, as six horses go to a set. The red morocco equipment is mounted with hand-cut copper, overlaid with gold. There are also numerous sets of harness in black leather, mounted in hand-cut brass, on which the leading design is St. George and the Dragon. These sets are used for Levée and Drawing-Room turn-outs. In another chamber is the plain harness, numbering about forty sets, used on semi-State occasions, such as the opening of the Tower Bridge and the Shahzada's visit to Windsor. The State harness is thoroughly overhauled once a month.



MR. MILLER, THE QUEEN'S STATE COACHMAN.

In the stables are three studs, the cream, the bay, and the black. All these horses are bred at Hampton Court. In the State stud are eight blacks and nine creams. Of the blacks, one of the handsomest animals is Zulu, sixteen hands high. The blacks are used by the Prince of

Wales for Levées. There is an appropriately African touch in the naming of the swart steeds. Over their luxurious stalls one reads such names as these—Kassassin, Uganda, M'tesa, and so on. Of one his custodian seemed particularly proud, to wit, Lobengula—he ought, by the way, to be introduced to the *Pall Mall Gazette* dog, Lo Ben. Lobengula can boast seventeen hands for five years of life, a very creditable

carriage are eight creams (in the cream stud her Majesty is said to take a special interest), then follow six blacks, drawing the carriage usually occupied by the Master of the Horse and the Mistress of the Robes; and the rear is brought up by four carriages with six bays in each. Our informant further confided that, since her last visit to Osborne, the Queen has discarded postilions for her landau, and now prefers that her four horses be driven from the box. The Queen's State Carriage was made in Dublin, and is a marvel of coachbuilding. Either four or eight cream-coloured horses are used for this vehicle; the latter number when the Queen last opened Parliament, the former at the Duke of York's wedding. The semi-State Coach was used by the Queen on Jubilee Day.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE STABLES.

record. The blacks are also used by the Princess of Wales when she holds a Drawing-Room on behalf of the Queen.

In the bay stable are thirty-two carriage-horses. In one stall stands an interesting veteran, now past work, and in the enjoyment of almost complete retirement. This is Sunrise, who carried the late Emperor Frederick on Jubilee Day. The visitor was honoured by an introduction to this distinguished steed, who was, in turn, honoured with sundry pats from the quill-driving palm, which Sunrise was graciously pleased to



HARNESS-ROOM.

As will be seen from the illustration, this carriage is driven by postilions alone. There is no box. At the Jubilee six of the cream stud, under the direction of three postilions, drew her Majesty to Westminster. The Queen used this carriage at the opening of the Manchester Ship Canal, and in it the Prince of Wales drove to the opening of the Tower Bridge.

By far the most curious and interesting sight at the Royal Mews is certainly the old State Coach, built for George the Third's coronation, and used by the Sovereign at the three succeeding coronations. This historic conveyance entirely eclipses all the other royal equipages in glory. Our latter-day taste in the matter of carriages is plainer than our forefathers'; some even find the present State Coach a little overloaded with ornament, and give the palm for elegant splendour to clean, sweeping outline, and burnished breadth of enamelled panelling. Carving and gilding, however kept in abeyance, somehow displease the critical (should we say the hypercritical?) in carriage-building. But the



CREAM STABLE.

accept. The creams came originally of a Hanoverian breed. The handsomest of the stud is Amerongen, who was trotted out into the quadrangle for the Shahzada's inspection. Amerongen's photo will be found among the illustrations accompanying this article. As we passed to the coach-houses, the guide let his visitor into several interesting details that do not often come before the public notice. One item of information was the composition of a State procession. In the royal



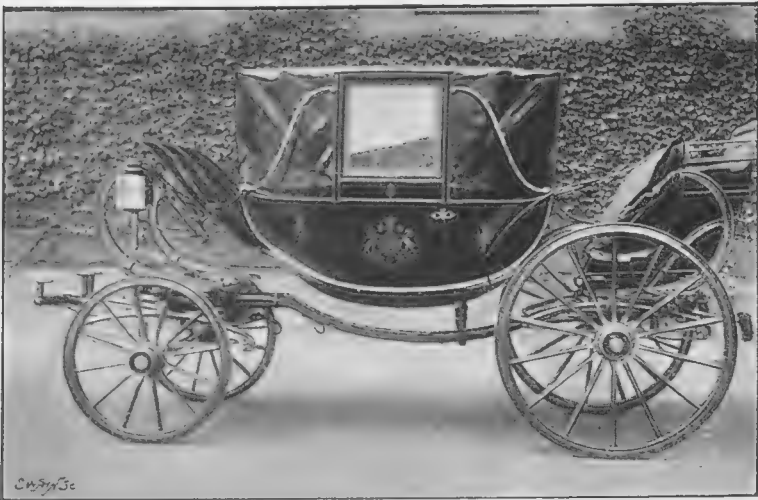
LOOSE BOXES.

heavy mounting of the newer State Coach is as nothing beside the pageantry of the time-honoured car. It suggests—how shall we say it and escape treason?—it suggests that in which, next to candy and pea-nuts, the American boy doth most delight. As a show it is undeniable. The huge vehicle weighs four tons, and is twenty-four feet long. The carving is elaborate, quaint, and allegorical. The upholstery is original, has been rich, and is faded. A hammer-cloth of dim-crimson velvet and

tarnished gold lace drapes the box, which is supported by two carved Tritons who continually do blow on their wreathed horns (in the manner of Wordsworth) what (in the manner of Keats) one may, by a slight forcing of the phrase, call "ditties of no tone." The ponderous body of the coach is hung on huge C-springs, with leather straps of which no one

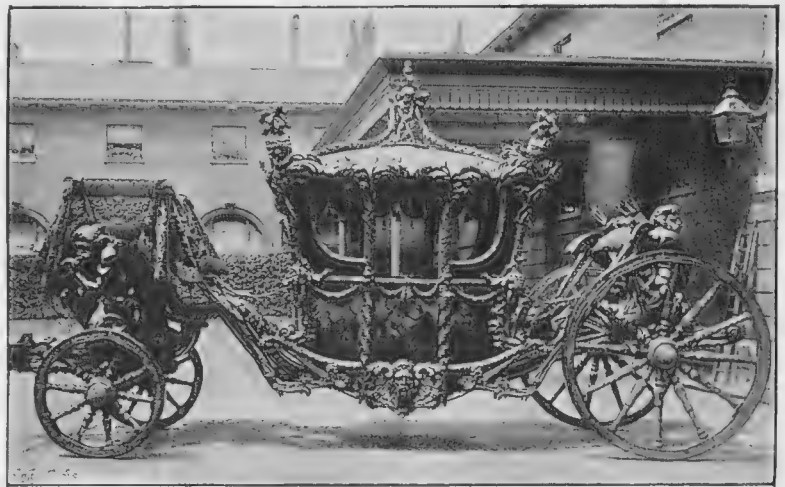
The Queen's State coachman, Mr. Edward Miller, is an old and faithful servant, who has held his post for thirty-six years. He drove the Queen to the Duke of York's wedding, on which occasion he handled four horses from the box. There were no postilions.

The supreme control of the royal stables rests, of course, with the Master of the Horse, an office at present held by the Duke of Portland.



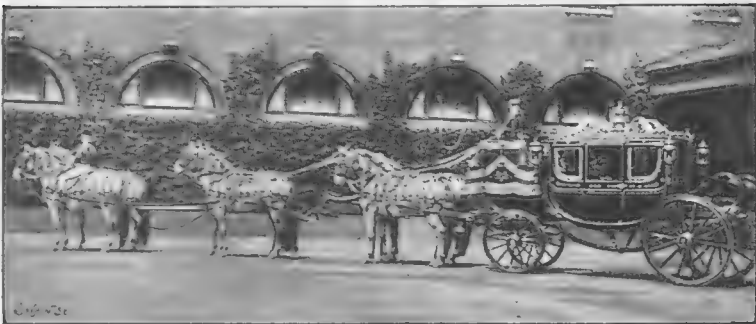
SEMI-STATE COACH.

would wish to feel the weight. The carving is in oak, gilded. The panels are painted with allegorical subjects, the work of Cypriani. At the four top corners are carved trophies, of varying design. The right-hand front corner trophy contains fasces, spears, banners, and a tragic mask. Over each trophy is a Roman helmet. Above all is the crown,



OLD STATE COACH.

Next to his Grace in command is the Crown Equerry, Sir Henry Ewart, who is really the acting chief. Sir Henry, by the way, looks after the naming of the horses. His duties, however, are not all so light as this one. The immediate control of the Mews is in the hands of Mr. Nicholas, who was formerly a lieutenant in the



STATE COACH AND CREAM PONIES.

supported by cherubs. Between the hind wheels rise two strange monsters, bearing fasces in which the trident takes the place of the axe. These graven images are no violation of the second article of the Decalogue, except that they are like each other. A Neptune's head, Cupid's wings, a Heraklean body terminating, as Horace hath it,



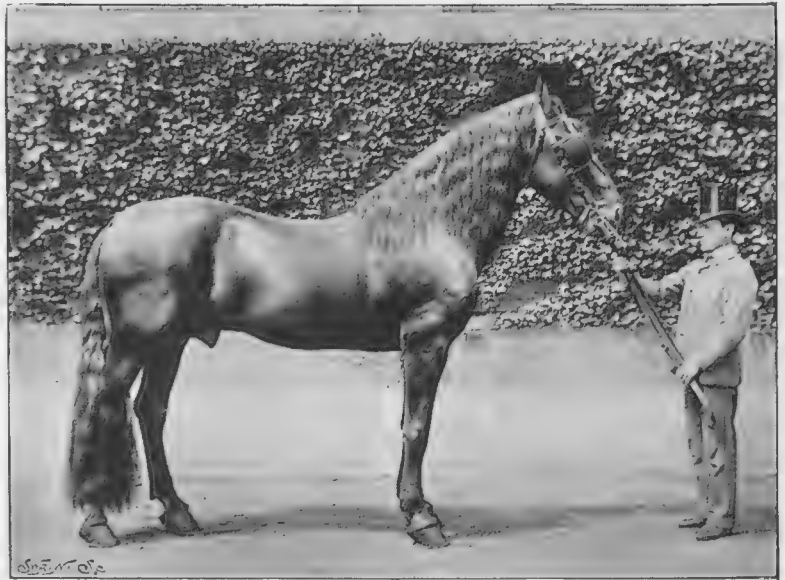
THE QUEEN'S LANDAU.

Royal Horse Artillery. He has under him a staff of about sixty officials. The riding-house—that relic of the old Buckingham House already alluded to—has other interests than that of the grammarian's escape. In it the royal children were taught horsemanship, and on the wall one may see the iron brackets used when they practised lemon-cutting.



AMERONGEN.

turpiter in piscem—that is the composition of the wondrous pair. They are flanked by wheels fully six feet in diameter. The last time these wheels rolled through the London streets was when the Prince Consort died. On ceremonial occasions the State Coach used to be drawn by eight horses of the cream stud.



ZULU.

There is, at one end, a private door leading from the Palace. Above it is a room, with a window overlooking the tan-bark. To this window her Majesty used to come to watch her children taking their lesson. The house, which is seventy-five yards long, is now used as a place of exercise for the royal stud.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



NEW CURATE : And do you go to church or chapel, Tiggins ?

TIGGINS : Neither, now, Sir. I have tried both of 'em, but we couldn't agree noways ; then I had service at 'ome, but me and my old woman fell out ; so now I says my devotions at the bottom of the garden all by myself.



CODLIN : Can't imagine how it is these fellows know we're English !
SHORT : Must be our physique.



"IT IS OUR WASHING DAY."



"What is your most expensive colour, Mr. Daubley?"
"Oh! ultramarine costs as much as gold."
"Then put on plenty of ultramarine—don't spare the expense."

RACING ROYALTIES.

Once again that most popular of sportsmen, the Prince of Wales, is at Newmarket, where but a fortnight since the royal colours were within an ace of carrying off the Cesarewitch. It may without exaggeration be said that the eyes of thousands who usually pay but scant attention to the doings of the Turf were turned with eager interest to the result of that classic race. Had the Prince's Florizel II. passed the post first, as at one moment seemed more than likely, such a roar of welcome would have gone up as is not often heard even upon a racecourse. The good fortune which of late has, at length, visited the royal purple, scarlet, and gold, after a long period of dispiriting disappointment, has, if anything, only served further to increase the genuine popularity enjoyed by the Prince, whose presence at Newmarket carries on the traditions of nearly three centuries which associate the town with the memory of racing royalty. Indeed, if we choose to accept the evidence of one historian of Newmarket, as far back as the fourteenth century a Prince of Wales, to reign in after years as Richard II., tried conclusions personally on

introduced into this country several historic Arabian sires; and there is even the record of a handsome match for £2000 against the then Duke of Somerset. Queen Anne may be looked on as quite a forerunner of the modern "New Woman" who makes her book, for she ran her horses at almost all the then existing meetings. She was a warm patroness of Newmarket, and let it not be forgotten that she founded more than one Royal Gold Cup. But her stable, it must be confessed, was singularly unlucky, her chief victory, strange to say, being registered on the very day that, seized with the fatal apoplexy to which she succumbed, she was to pass away without learning that her favourite brown, Star, had carried the royal colours for once successfully past the post. The first George evinced merely that interest in the improvement of the breed of horses which induced him to maintain the still-existing Royal Stud-Farm at Hampton Court; but happily, during his reign and that of his successor, the Turf was so generously supported by the nobility that it could well afford to dispense with royal patronage. The Jockey Club, let it not be forgotten, was instituted in 1750; and one of its earliest members was a royal Duke, the Duke of Cumberland, who, though history may attach to him not a few unpleasant memories, will always be recalled by those



R. Marsh.

FLORIZEL II.

J. Watts.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE HAILEY, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

horseback, possibly on the site of the present racecourse, with the Earl of Arundel, and was fairly beaten. With a few brief lapses it may indeed be said that from the very commencement of the history of racing proper in this country, in the reign of Charles II., our royal family have raced on the historic course over which to-morrow once again the purple, scarlet, and gold is to try conclusions with a batch of picked competitors. Everyone who has visited Newmarket has heard that "Rowley's Mile" on the racecourse derives its designation from the nickname of the Merry Monarch, who may be looked on as practically the first of our racing royalties. Him Newmarket may thank for the establishment of both the Spring and Autumn Meetings, and over the course the royal owner is known to have ridden more than one race with his band of jovial courtiers. From contemporary memoirs we know perhaps only too much concerning the life spent at Newmarket by the King, to whom we none the less owe the first statute against betting, by the terms of which—doubtless the Anti-Gambling League, if it still exists, will be pleased to hear—all credit transactions of over a hundred pounds were prohibited, though ready-money betting was thoroughly recognised.

From so much-tried a monarch as James II. it would perhaps be unkind to expect a keen interest in racing matters, but his successor, albeit the very sober and sedate William III., though no very keen sportsman, at least encouraged racing. He owned race-horses, and

familiar with the story of our Turf as the breeder and owner of that most famous of horses, Eclipse, the unbeaten sire of no less than three hundred and thirty winners.

If our three Hanoverian monarchs were not enthusiastic racers, the Princes of Wales and the royal Dukes made ample atonement for the neglect. Lord Rosebery, when he entertains the Prince of Wales at his Epsom home, never fails to recall to his royal visitor the fact that a century ago a predecessor, the son of George II., owned the Durdans, and gave a purse to be run for at Epsom. The Derby itself has been three times won by royal owners: eight years after its foundation by the future George the Fourth's Sir Thomas, in 1788; and twice afterwards by the Duke of York, with Prince Leopold in 1816 and with Moses in 1822. The story of the Turf career of the Prince Regent has often been told. At twenty-two his colours first appeared, and soon he owned a stud of twenty-five racers, stabled at Newmarket. Macaulay's schoolboy is familiar with the reckless career of debt which soon closed in on the future First Gentleman of Europe. Bitter as was the pill, the royal stud was sacrificed. But when Parliament paid off the Prince's encumbrances, his first thought was of Newmarket, and there he, his horses, and, alas! his crew of hangers-on, might, without fail, be found each meeting, till the unfortunate occurrence of what is known in the current memoirs as "the Escape affair," one of the earliest instances when the Jockey Club fearlessly asserted its influence in maintaining the

integrity of the Turf, the Prince's jockey, Sam Chifney—retained, let it be noted, by his royal patron for the sum of £200 a-year, somewhat a contrast with the present day—having been denounced for “pulling.” The Prince, however, loyal to Sam, and passionately though he was devoted to racing, withdrew for the rest of his life from Newmarket. As an encouragement to the Prince's royal successor, it may be remarked that in this, his second short connection with the Turf, his horses had carried off some 190 prizes. When, a few years later, the Prince Regent again appeared in the racing world, he patronised only the southern meetings, Brighton and Lewes, winning in a very short time 129 races. Then for nearly twenty years the royal colours disappear from the Calendar, though it was no secret that many of the Prince's horses were run in the names of Charles Greville and Warwick Lake. Four years before his death the King, however, raced in his own name, and, true to his promise to his old jockey, the Chifneys trained the royal racers.

There is a touch of true human nature in the incident of the dying King anxiously awaiting on his death-bed the result of the Ascot Cup, to win which he had specially purchased Zingance. But if the purple, scarlet, and gold was to carry off at least one Derby, it was not to be so fortunate with the Cup, and the royal owner was destined to sink back bitterly disappointed, as his old factotum, Jack Radford, hurriedly brought to his royal master the news of his horse's defeat. Everyone probably has heard the characteristic reply of the Sailor King, William IV., when he succeeded to his brother's stud, and was asked by his trainer what horses he would like to run at Goodwood. “Start the whole squad, and let the best win,” and sure enough they did, for the royal colours came in on this occasion 1, 2, and 3. But, though William IV. annually dined the Jockey Club, and presented as a prize the hoof of Eclipse, set in silver—a trophy which, by the way, is now used by the Jockey Club as a snuff-box—he cannot be said to stand foremost among our racing royalties.

The Queen on her accession seemed determined to cut all connection between royalty and the Turf, for the palace at Newmarket was sold, and the Royal Stud-Farm at Hampton Court broken up, though it was later re-established, only recently to be reduced again. In 1877, however, the purple, scarlet, and gold once again appeared in public, and it is interesting to note at Newmarket, when the Prince of Wales, who has been a member of the Jockey Club now for thirty years, ventured one of his horses on the course. There are many at Newmarket this week who will, doubtless, recall that July day when Lord Strathnairn's Arab Avowal punished so severely the royal racer Alep by a win of thirty lengths. Since that time the Prince has been accustomed to many another defeat, but within the past twelve months, with the Gold Cup and the Manchester Cup placed to the account of the royal stable, which contains the as yet unbeaten Persimmon and Florizel II., we all hope that the latest representative of the long line of racing royalties may yet, like his great-uncle, carry off the Blue Ribbon of the Turf.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The curious agitation against certain details of music-hall construction that but a year ago convulsed London seems to have reached its natural and legitimate collapse. From the first, it was obvious to most persons of sense that whatever objectionable features were to be found in the larger and more respectable halls would not be removed or sensibly altered by preventing the audience from having coffee or whisky-and-soda brought to their seats, and forcing them to go to a crowded bar instead; and that to block up half the promenade of the Empire would merely leave the harmless persons who only wanted to go to their seats inconvenienced by the less reputable element. Or, even if the Promenaders were expelled, the Alhambra's untouched and ample walk invited them. To suppose that a moral reform of any moment whatever could be effected by boxing up part of a gangway and moving a few bars a few feet requires enormous powers of self-deception.

At the same time, men of sense were not displeased at seeing the music-hall interest receive a caution, and the richest of the halls suffer some loss. The halls—or rather the Empire—tried to ride the high horse over the County Council, and received the usual fall. The Council disregarded the plain elements of ordinary fairness, and the late election gave its majority *their* lesson. Neither party wants to have another quarrel, and so the Licensing Committee passes the licences *sub silentio*, and the question that awakened so much fire and fury a little year ago is seen to be what it always was—a petty matter of public convenience, which might be decided in almost any possible manner without any appreciable effect on morality.

But the survivors of those who helped to engineer the agitation of a year ago do not seem to see that times have changed. Being for the most part ecclesiastical persons, they are given to attach disproportionate weight to trifles—including their own importance—and it fills them with a pious bitterness beyond the reach of Angostura to find that a movement in which they deigned to be interested has been tranquilly ignored by the very body that once accepted their inspiration. And so some of the former (temporarily) eminent agitators have joined in an indignant and surprised protest against the tame surrender of the Licensing Committee, and urged it to maintain its “firm and prudent policy” of former years. As that “policy,” so-called, in one year, denied certain privileges to one great music-hall and left them to two others, and next year took these privileges away from two halls, leaving them to the third, it is hard to see what firmness or prudence can have been evident in its authors. The Committee of the present year takes a common-sense and fair view of the matter. Its vote practically amounts to this: “We have tried restrictions for a year, and we cannot see that the Empire is any better or any worse than before, or that there is any appreciable difference in respectability between the unrestricted Alhambra, the restricted Empire, and the yet more restricted Palace. We therefore think that we must, in common fairness, either restrict all or release all; and since to restrict all would cause some inconvenience, and would not do any good, we pronounce for liberty—and the licence.”

But the protesting Puritans do not see the matter in that light, or, indeed, in any light at all. They are people who exist largely for the purpose of signing protests against something, or in favour of something, and they have not lost the opportunity. Lady Henry Somerset heads the list, of course, and a certain lack of distinction is conferred by the name of Mr. W. T. Stead—whether signed by himself or by “Julia,” we are not told. Then come the Rev. Dr. This and the Rev. Dr. That, and Mrs. Sheldon The Other; and we look down the ranks, “All, all are there, the old familiar faces.” No, not all; *the* name is missing, and the omission may explain the quiet granting of the licences in 1895 as distinguished from the violent and successful opposition of 1894. Mrs. Chant, the immortal, shines by her absence only, and leaves her former backers gaping, with their favourite “scratched.”

Ichabosh! the glory of Chantry has departed. Even the most vigilant of County Councillors will probably sit still—since, otherwise, they run some risk of not sitting at all. The music-halls have had their year of restriction; it has done them some harm pecuniarily and no good morally (as far as can be seen). They are now to have their year of liberty; and, if their managers are wise, they will so order matters as to prove that the public can be trusted to maintain order and decency for itself better than can any meeting of irresponsible agitators and unsworn witnesses in somebody's back drawing-room. MARMITON.



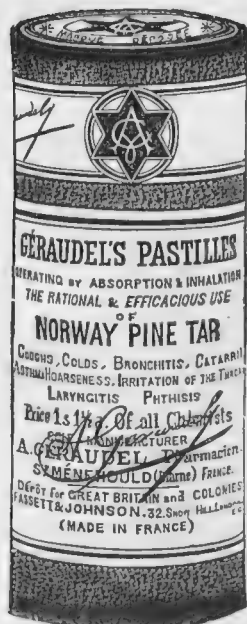
MRS. GRAHAM, CAPTAIN OF THE LADY FOOTBALLERS.

Photo by Cobb and Keir, Woolwich.

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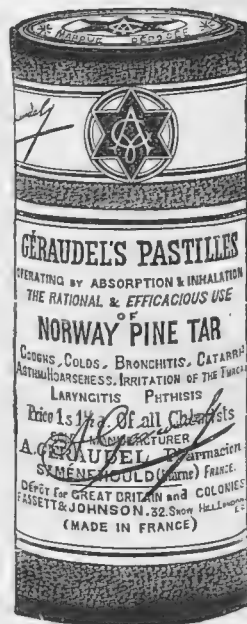
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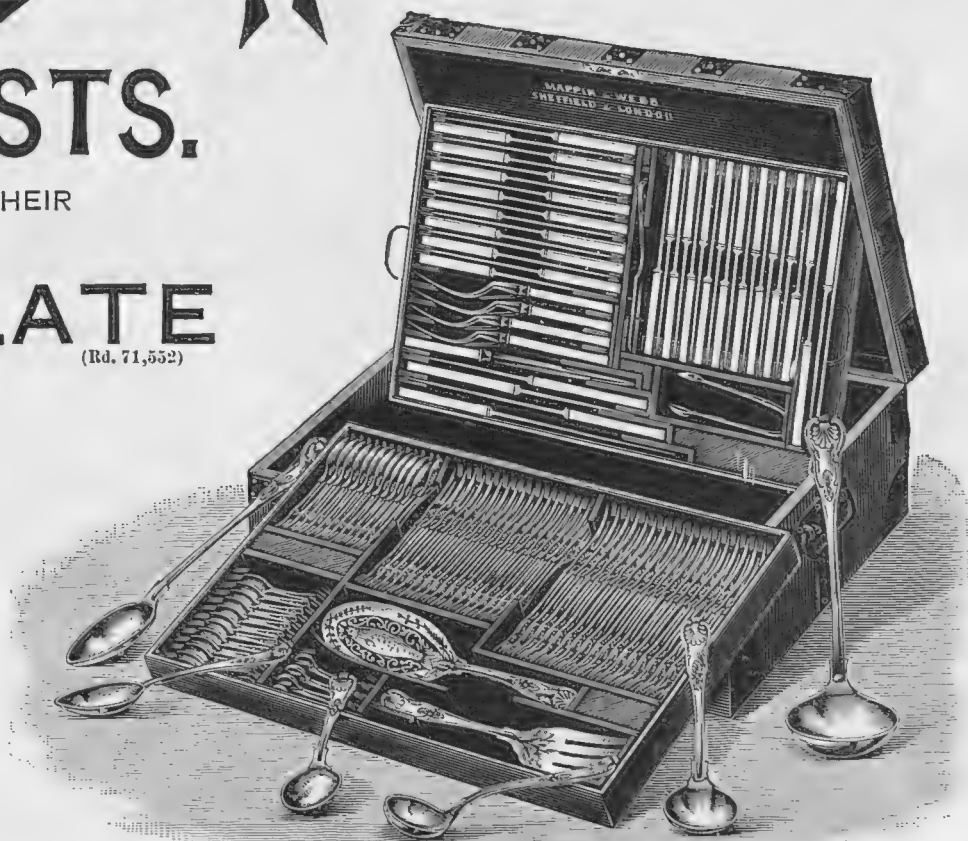
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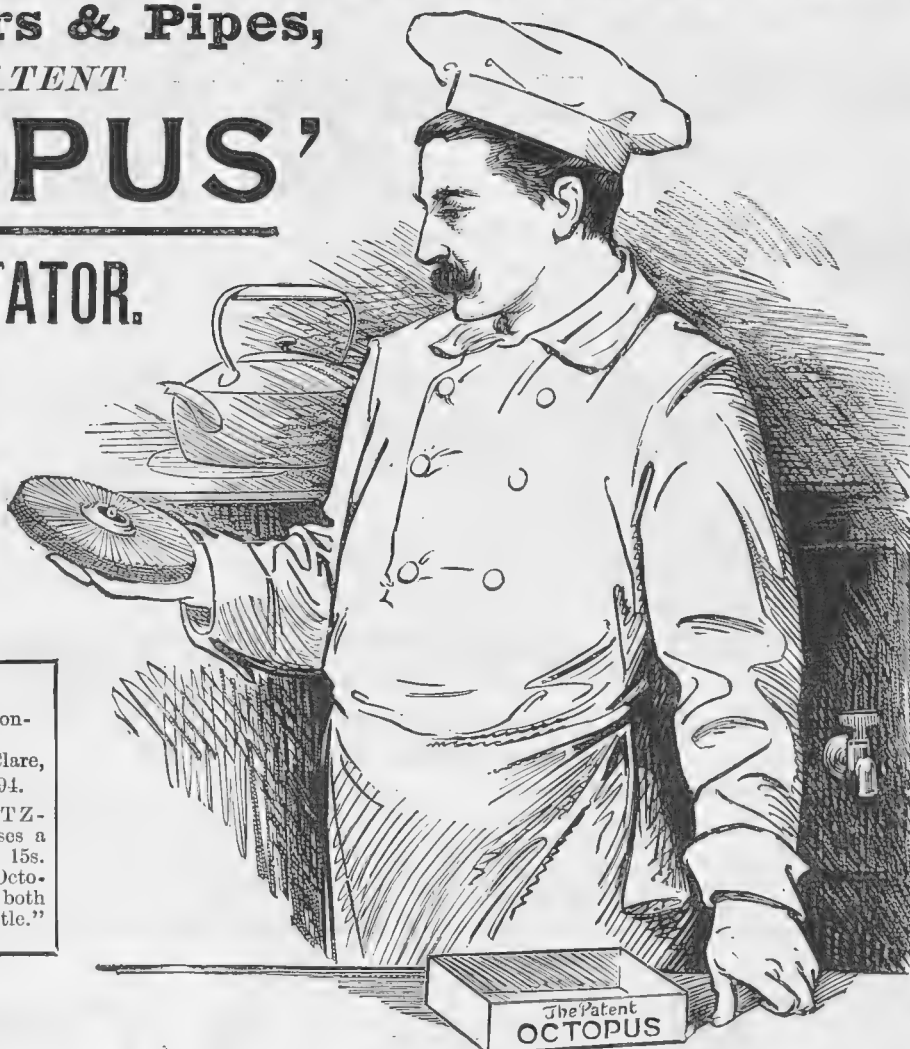
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Also that the water in my boilers and kettles heats very much quicker, as the
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Which stands in corner of Kitchen Sink, retains
all solid matter from dirty water thrown into it,
and keeps waste-pipe always clean.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

It requires a little courage to say hard things of a writer one likes, and a writer, too, whom all the world thinks so well of as Mr. Anthony Hope. But his position is too secure for a mere reviewer to do him any harm, and a slight protest may at least satisfy oneself, always an important consideration to a critic. He is, perhaps, the most graceful writer of fiction we have at this moment, and he has solidier qualities than grace. He has never done any book that is not finished and refined. His workmanship, by which I mean here only the technical details of style, you can never call slovenly. But is he not on the wrong road now? When he wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda" there was a burst of applause which made one obscure critic almost ashamed of his own dissentient judgment. It was a good story assuredly—lively, varied, original. But it was the story of a clever, adaptable writer, who could turn his hand to any kind of work, and never do any of it badly—who could write a religious, a society, a metaphysical, or a picturesque novel to order, and very creditably, if it were required of him.

Now only a very clever man can do many different things fairly well; but it takes a tremendous genius to do many different things excellently.

slightly archaic kind, reflecting no particular age or clime, which is the easiest in the world to write when once you get a start. The whole book is compiled after a formula, and, though to the invention in the stories one must do justice, it must have involved very little trouble to Mr. Hope. These are ungrateful words to use towards one who has entertained and delighted us so often, but probably Mr. Hope knows as well as anyone that they are true.

Miss Montrésor, who achieved lately a popular success (to which no meretricious qualities contributed) with her "Into the Highways and Hedges," comes before us now with a shorter story, which is of equal merit, though on a much smaller scale. "The One Who Looked On" (Hutchinson), does a very clever thing, far commoner in life than in fiction. It depicts in the most vivid manner the nature and character of the teller of the story, who, nevertheless, was not telling her own story—at least, she did not think so—and who was far more interested in a romance going on before her eyes than she was in her own heart troubles caused by that very romance. It shows, too, and this is no less clever than it is pleasing, the character of a man of cool exterior, a practical Englishman, of calculating habits and deep affections, and read aright, after preliminary blunders, by an Irish girl of impulsive,



WHALLEY RANGE BICYCLE CLUB TEAM, WINNERS OF THE SPECIAL PRIZE AT THE CYCLISTS' CARNIVAL, MANCHESTER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WARWICK BROOKES, MANCHESTER.

And Mr. Hope was on the way to do one thing excellently—perhaps two things, for his "Dolly Dialogues" I cannot include in my condemnation. It is, however, in such an imperfect but powerful novel as "Half a Hero" that Mr. Hope's real promise seems to me to lie. There he showed a knowledge of human nature, and an interest in its wayward varieties, without which no story-teller can hope to do work worthy of being called literature. Adventure stories were the fashion, and Mr. Hope took to writing them. He might have used his serious talents in this department. Think of Dumas' treasure-house of human character. But Mr. Hope did not, or he does it less and less.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" was written rather too much from the outside. But now we have "The Chronicles of Count Antonio" (Methuen), graceful, packed with quite good stories, and far better than any but a practised writer could produce, of course. But it is entirely unworthy of a man like Mr. Hope. There is no inside to it at all. The figures are neatly painted and carved, but no more real than the flat toy soldiers boys move about on the nursery table. It is the work of a man who is a literary artist, but it is, nevertheless, as conventional as a Sunday school tale: the virtues, the half virtues, and the vices are considered in just the common-place way; the moral sentiments are uttered on the traditionally correct occasion; and the language is of that

demonstrative temperament. These are apparently simple things, but only the chosen can do them. They need both heart and brain, a great deal more brain than is expended on most of the "problem" novels that have more intellectual pretensions. One looks to Miss Montrésor's future with confidence, mingled with some curiosity.

The gift-books are fast appearing. A new edition of White's Selborne is one of them. Messrs. Macmillan issue it, but it has been printed, edited, and illustrated in America. It is handsome; looks as if it were made of really expensive material, and in most libraries would receive an honoured place. It is a good example of the pretty inartistic book. It is perhaps, ungrateful to spoil, even in the mildest way, the chances of anything so carefully produced, but one has to take whatever opportunity occurs to protest against the extravagant inroads of photography into the domain of book illustration. Photography is so excellent a thing, and it receives such comfortable praise even from artists nowadays, that one need not be too tender of its feelings. So, when, in the name of artistic illustration, it reproduces a straight garden path, of the Tooting or any other pattern, and a wheelbarrow, and two very plain girls, in the conventional middle-class dress of to-day, watching a tortoise, by way of illustrating White's Selborne, it is time to say it does not understand its ends and its limitations. o. o.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

By Mr. Thomas Gunning's resignation of the honorary secretaryship of the London Football Association, amateur football in general, and that institution in particular, has suffered an almost irreparable loss. If secretaries and willing workers are to be found easily, men of great personality, and gifted with supreme tact, are very rare; but Mr. Gunning is one of them.

The secretaryship of the London Football Association has not been all *couleur de rose*. There have been, and still are, enemies, or rather, traitors in the camp, and, though these traitors cannot be said to have been organised or particularly favoured by nature for their devastating work of revolution, yet they had to be curbed. The "wrecker" in the theatre, be he ever so ignorant and harebrained, can easily cause a disturbance, and, as has been demonstrated time and again, help a long way towards ruining a play. There was never any predecision of purpose about the "rebels" in the London Association, but, had they been given rope enough, they would certainly have hanged all the members, even if the victims included themselves. It was Mr. Gunning's duty—or, perhaps, prerogative is the better word—to quell these insidious uprisings, and the strange part about the business is that, while he put them down with no light hand, he generally, at the same time, managed to instil respect, and it can be safely added, common-sense into the minds of the foolish people who "revolted" for revolting's sake merely.

I say revolting's sake merely because that is what it practically amounted to; but, behind all this, to the superficial observer, meaningless tomfoolery, there could be seen the thin end of the wedge of professionalism. I must confess that my sympathies were ever not only with Mr. Gunning, but also with the body and the cause he represented; but, in saying this, I must not be accused of ultra-amateurism. Nobody recognises that professionalism is a necessary evil more clearly than I do; but, all the same, far-seeing men must realise that the time is not yet come when the London Association must go the common way. Mr. Gunning may be possessed of more extreme views than the majority of us—indeed, he makes no secret of his utter antipathy to the payment of players in football—but with the principle of his views common-sense people, both amateur and professional, are in thorough accord.

It can truthfully be said that no man in the London Football Association, with the possible exception of Mr. N. L. Jackson, the virtual founder of it, possessed the capacity of so clearly and powerfully explaining the virtues of amateurism and the drawbacks of professionalism as Mr. Gunning. A gentleman of singularly distinct and vigorous enunciation, he was blessed with that great quality, pluck; and nobody who was present will forget the famous speech he delivered at Anderton's Hotel when the juniors sought for better representation, whatever that may have meant. He fairly and squarely demolished the opposition, and he did it in such an open and stand-up fashion as actually to carry everyone, foes and friends alike, with him! As recently as the annual general meeting at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Gunning was again to the fore, this time plainly convincing the "progressives" of the error, or rather, the unfairness, of their ways.

It will be argued that Mr. Gunning always had right on his side. That may have been so. But there is that in the man which convinced me of his power to advocate successfully a bad cause. One of the most rapid-thinking of debaters, Mr. Gunning might have been titled the Chamberlain of football politics. Of course, he had other qualities. He was, for instance, an ideal honorary secretary, and the success of the London Football Association can easily be put down to the superb excellence of his steering. Dignity with him did not mean a sacrifice of geniality, of courtesy, and of kind thoughtfulness.

I remember Mr. Gunning as a referee. When he was younger he was one of the very finest and most lynx-eyed of officials. The honour attached to refereeing at the present time is, in a manner of speaking, a gift from Mr. Gunning to the brotherhood of the whistle. Unfortunately his eyesight began to fail him, and, more unfortunately still, he stuck to refereeing much longer than he should have done, when, though as conscientious as ever, he made mistakes, and so, after the manner of human nature, the public forgot the good deeds of the man in his later mistakes. Well, I have met fine gentlemen in my time, but none will hold a higher place in my regard than does Mr. Gunning.

The Corinthians have opened their season. Last Saturday the annual match with the Army was brought off on the Queen's Club ground at West Kensington, and this week-end the first engagement between the Corinthians and the holders of the Amateur Cup, Middlesbrough, will be decided. Somehow or another I don't think the Corinthians will be so strong this season as they have been. The absence of Mr. L. H. Gay, who has been determined to make Ceylon his future home, leaves an important place to be filled up; and though I have a certain amount of respect for the prowess of Mr. G. B. Raikes, the Oxford goal-keeper, to my way of thinking, is not to be compared with the man whom amateurs and professionals alike admit to be one of the grandest players who ever went between the posts.

At back, too, the outlook is none too happy. There is a very good stock of players from which to make a selection. Mr. L. V. Lodge is a most dashing exponent of the game, but then the Cantab must have a solid and steady man as partner, and I don't consider either Mr. F. M. Ingram, Mr. W. J. Oakley, or Mr. E. H. Bray quite realises the description. Mr. C. B. Fry is going away with Lord Hawke's team to

the Cape of Good Hope to play cricket, and his loss will be felt. At half Mr. C. Wreford-Brown is as good as ever. Age does not wither him. He will be supported by Mr. A. G. Henfrey, Mr. E. C. Bliss, Mr. E. F. Buzzard, Mr. R. R. Barker, and Mr. E. B. Alexander—a fairly good list. Of the forwards the two big brothers Gosling are yet lamenting the death of their father, and cannot be expected to turn out for a week or two.

If I were asked to pick the strongest available Corinthian eleven at the present time, I should rely upon Messrs. G. B. Raikes, L. V. Lodge, R. R. Barker, E. F. Buzzard, C. Wreford-Brown, A. G. Henfrey, M. H. Stanbrough, R. R. Sandilands, G. O. Smith, R. C. Gosling, and P. A. Fryer.

Much the same remark applies to the Universities. Oxford, always behindhand, owing to the lateness of the term as compared with Cambridge, have hardly made a start yet; and though the Light Blues opened their serious season last Wednesday, too little was gone through to aid us in forming opinions as to the relative merits of the two big schools. It seems to me that, so far as the Socker code is concerned, both elevens will be found somewhat below last season's form.

The Light Blue eleven on Wednesday played a draw of two goals with a mixed team of Casuals; but the fifteen adopted no such half-and-half measures, and administered a crushing defeat by 2 goals and 6 tries (28 points) to nothing against Guy's Hospital, a team which experience has taught us is not to be despised. Seeing that the Cantabs were by no means fully represented, this result is truly astonishing. In the absence of Mendelson, W. Paul, of Clare, went full-back.

I understand that Mr. G. H. Cotterill has just been appointed Head Master of Weybridge School, and it is not a little curious that a member of the other University, in the person of F. W. Carlton, the Oxonian, is an assistant master at the same establishment. Parents who favour Socker will, doubtless, be anxious to send their boys to Weybridge School.

CRICKET.

All but three of the names of the team which is to be taken over to the Cape of Good Hope next month have been published, and the general opinion is that the side is far too strong for the purpose, especially if the three professionals remaining to be engaged be bowlers. Hayward, Lord Hawke, Sir T. C. O'Brien, Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. C. W. Wright, and Mr. A. J. L. Hill should be good enough for runs against African bowling; while Lohmann himself, whose team it practically is, has shown himself still able to bowl a bit.

The cricket world has been congratulating Thomas Richardson, the famous Surrey bowler, on his marriage, which took place recently. Certainly no professional cricketer who ever played so speedily and completely enlisted the affection and respect of the public. Richardson was, of course, the most successful bowler of last year. There were times, however, during the season when his deliveries did not happen to be so deadly as usual, and it was then that the fine qualities of the man came to light, for non-success never upset him, as it all too frequently does other professional bowlers. Honest and deserving, the best testimonial to Richardson's popularity was the large number of presents, the givers being players and public alike, the former class including K. S. Ranjitsinhji, W. H. Broekwell, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. F. G. J. Ford, Mr. A. C. Maclaren, Surrey County C.C., Albert Ward, Robert Henderson, Thomas Hayward, A. Tomlin, E. J. Tyler, Mr. H. Philipson, F. C. Holland, C. Smith; while the members of the Stock Exchange contributed a set of table glass, and the readers of the *Morning Leader* a seventy-five guinea piano.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The London Athletic Club and Cambridge University athletes are all returned, but the last has not yet been heard of the two memorable encounters, and the other meetings at which the Englishmen competed. From the *Spirit of the Times*, I learn that Bradley's defeat by Stage in a 50 yards burst was due to the fact that the Englishman "seemed to be off his balance when the pistol fired, and lost at least a yard, which was more than he could make up in so short a dash."

On Nov. 2 next the Lea Harriers will open their cross-country season with a scratch (and sealed handicap) walk from Chingford to Epping, a most delightful and favourite trip with these members.

It is interesting to learn that cycling with royalty is daily growing more popular than ever. The Princess Maud of Wales invariably when indulging in wheeling exercise wears a tailor-made costume of the riding habit description.

There has recently been heard a great deal about the unfairness and unreliability of pace-makers at cycling. There should be no cause for complaint on the part of Davidson, of Canada. This gentleman, who is possessed of a hobby for record-breaking, is making arrangements to go for record behind a locomotive of the Grand Trunk line. He will ride a machine geared to 96.

GOLF.

Lady golfers of Scotland in general and of Dundee and surrounding parts particularly, owe much to the trustees of the young Earl of Dalhousie, who, with great generosity, have granted the Broughty Ferry Ladies' Golf Club a twenty years' lease of their course at Barnhill. The rent will be purely nominal.

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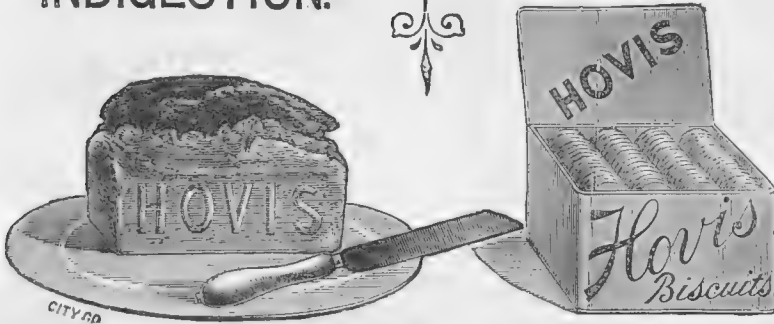
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NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The English opera season has shown a wonderful improvement since a somewhat unfortunate start. The performances of "Faust," "Lohengrin," and, most of all, "The Walkyrie," really have deserved the great encouragement which they receive from the large houses that testify to the love of good music existing in London. Nothing has been more noteworthy than the improvement of Mr. Hedmond, particularly in "Lohengrin," when his voice, which he seemed almost to have lost in "Tannhäuser," came back: his acting, notably in "The Walkyrie," was remarkably good. Miss Alice Esty, whose modest début in "The Golden Web" hardly promised so much, has proved herself able to deal successfully with such parts as Elizabeth and Elsa.

A very pleasant feature of the present season has been the very successful début of two young singers. Miss Susan Strong and Miss Lilian Tree, who both appeared in "The Walkyrie" as Siegmunde and Brunnhilde, delighted everyone by showing fine voices, good singing, some idea of acting, and adding youth and personal charm. By Miss Rosa Olitzka a valuable work has been done. To Mr. David Bispham the highest honours are due, for he has, notably as Wotau and Wolfram, shown himself of extraordinary value. It would be unjust not to say that the performance of "The Walkyrie" was of such excellence that it will lend some historical value to this season. Mr. Henschel has had the heaviest conducting task, and came through it admirably, while Mr. J. M. Glover and Mr. Feld deserve praise for excellent work.

Mr. Edwin Wareham, the Siegmund, is not unknown to Londoners, for he created the principal rôle in Tchaikowsky's opera, "Eugène Onegin" during Signor Lago's season at the Olympic Theatre, and has sung with great success at the Crystal Palace, Richter, and Mottl Concerts. His voice is a full, sweet tenor, and particularly well suited for either opera or oratorio, and his performances of "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser" have been much praised while he was with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Mr. Wareham is a native of Wimborne, in Dorset, and when only eight years of age he possessed a wonderful soprano voice, at the same time showing great musical ability. When twelve he was appointed organist to one of the churches in his native town, and six years later found him organist and choirmaster of the parish church of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, as well as being conductor of the East Suffolk Church Choir Union. From there he went north, and was appointed organist and choirmaster of one of the principal churches in Glasgow, and accompanist to the Glasgow Choral Union, a society which numbered some four hundred voices, and for which he was frequently conductor;



MR. EDWIN WAREHAM (TENOR).

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

and he was also accompanist to Mr. August Mann's Orchestral Concerts in Glasgow; he was also chosen to play the organ at the Jubilee Service held in the Cathedral in 1887, and at the opening ceremony at the Exhibition of '88. After remaining for four years in Glasgow, he returned south, and was at once appointed organist and choirmaster at St. George's Chapel, in Albemarle Street, and, while there, brought the

musical portion of the service up to its present pitch. During all this time he was studying singing at the Guildhall School, and, later, at the Royal Academy of Music, under Mr. Wallworth and Mr. W. H. Cummings. With the Carl Rosa Opera Company he made great successes in "The Golden Web," in which he created the tenor rôle, in "The Magic Ring," as well as in all the well-known operas.

Last week, the Grand Theatre, Islington, was the temporary home of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and the Islingtonians made that

pathetic madwoman heartily welcome. Miss Cynthia Brooks took the part of Mad Agnes, and infused into her rendering a good amount of independent thinking, although here and there were reminiscences of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, notably of her voice. Miss Brooks is a thoughtful actress, and a careful; she was particularly good in the scene with Lucas towards the end of the third act, where Agnes leads him on to reveal the full cowardice of his conceit. She was really pathetic in the scene with Sybil Cleeve, a part taken by Miss Janet Evelyn, whose almost regal bearing and stately utterance were such a contrast to the meek demeanour of the dejected Agnes. I don't



MISS JANET EVELYN.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

remember to have seen Miss Evelyn before, but I hope to see her again in a less thankless rôle. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury was the Lucas, and Mr. George Arliss, a very clever young actor, the Duke of St. Olpherts.

"A Lion's Heart" at the Princess's may give pleasure to anyone. It is crude, clumsy even in places, but someone, Mr. Shirley or Mr. Landeck—or, if, as I suspect, it is an adaptation, some Frenchman—has shown in it a powerful invention that leads to really strong situations, and, consequently, immense applause. It is rather a pity that so many of the characters bear French names, since it is fearful to hear such mispronunciations as the stage afforded. The acting admirably suits the piece and house. Mr. Charles Glenney, to me, outside melodrama, is a trial; but in such rough work he shines by dint of his great energy. Mr. William H. Day, a very clever old-man actor, has a capital part as Dobré, in which he showed much power, reminding one at times of his acting in "The Bauble Shop." Miss Beaumont Collins, the heroine, played very touchingly. By-the-bye, it was curious, in a tragic scene, to watch Mr. Glenney, as Pierre, gravely and fiercely write the name of Dobré on a big blackboard, and put the accent *grave* instead *aigu*.

It is surprising to see such an excellent performance at a mere trial *matinée* as that given of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Gaiety. Nobody proved to be great, and at times the voice of the prompter was audible; but, on the whole, a very pleasant and intelligent rendering was given. Miss Ettie Williams has not yet quite the technique to enable her to make full use of her gifts, but she was a very charming, intelligent Portia, and her delivery of some passages was excellent. Mr. Charles Pond is an actor new to me, but, although his Shylock was not overpoweringly good, one seems likely to see much of such an able, earnest actor. There were really fine moments in his work during the trial-scene. Mr. Frank Pillmore, Mr. Philip Cunningham, Mr. Rosier, and Mr. Teesdale, played very well; and it was not unnatural that the audience, chiefly of members of the profession, were pleased by the entertainment, and wondered why the *matinée* has gone out of fashion.

It will be remembered that a serious publicist, writing in an organ of American thought, has lately promulgated a theory of pre-natal influences, adducing gravely, as his test instance, the case of a juvenile philosopher in short skirts whose mother had, during the critical period, been nurtured mentally on a course of Herbert Spencer. The subject, which is certainly a novel one on the boards, is shortly to receive stage-presentation at a Boston theatre. The dramatists concerned will, I am sure, make an awful mess of their delicate theme if they are not very careful. Another curious play, which is to see the footlights first at Chicago, is a so-called "Spiritualistic drama," which purports to have been written by the spirit of the late Bartley Campbell, an unfortunate man who was the author of several popular melodramas. The star part in this extraordinary production will, of course, be played by a lady medium.

Those who are on the look-out for Christmas presents should send for a catalogue of the Midland Counties Watch Company, Vyse Street, Birmingham.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XLVII.—THE WESTERN DAILY PRESS, BRISTOL.

Thirty-eight years ago there were in existence in the provinces only six daily papers, none of which served the great area of the South-west. The founders of the *Western Daily Press* believed that an enterprising community would support a seventh journal, but they were not wholly



MR. WALTER REID.

Photo by Messrs. W. H. Midwinter and Co., Bristol.

without misgivings. And, though a chorus of high-pitched pessimism was the prelude to the appearance of the *Daily Press*, each successive issue of the paper convinced its promoters that their estimate of the daily needs of Bristol was a correct one. Apart altogether from the discouragements arising from crystallised ideas as to the capabilities of the Press, newspaper production was, forty years ago, handicapped by the existence of a heavy paper duty, many mechanical impediments, and difficulties of organisation and distribution. All these the pioneers of daily journalism in the West of England had to combat and to vanquish. But the *Western Daily Press* took the plunge boldly, and thirteen years after its establishment Grant wrote in his "History of the Newspaper Press" that "the rapid rise into circulation, influence, and success of the *Western Daily Press* has not had many parallels in the annals of provincial journalism." And the history of the Press is virtually the history of the men who made it what it is. The late Mr. P. Stewart Macliver (a near relative of Lord Clyde, and who for some years represented Plymouth in Parliament) was, in the earlier 'fifties, associated with Mr. Walter Reid in a weekly journalistic venture. In 1858 they started, on the first of June, the publication of the *Western Daily Press* at Bristol. The venture was essentially an experimental one; and, together, Mr. Macliver and Mr. Reid laboured to strengthen the first uncertain prospects of the paper. When these had become assured, Mr. Macliver found fresh outlets for his energy. From the very first Mr. Walter Reid controlled the literary and editorial destinies of the *Daily Press*, and for an unbroken period of thirty-three years there was no issue of the paper that did not bear the impress of his personal care and supervision. A man of strongly marked character, energy, and determination, Mr. Reid concentrated his whole mind on the *Daily Press*. It is a tenet of his professional creed that the journalist in earnest has no time in which to strive for the laurels of public life. Certainly, as appreciable service to the community can be rendered through the agency of a conscientiously conducted newspaper. To this rule Mr. Reid has rigidly adhered, though there has been no lack of temptation to do otherwise. His fixity of purpose has borne abundant fruit. Acting on the conviction that true generalship consists in the complete mastery of detail, Mr. Walter Reid has made it his life's study to thoroughly grasp the whole complex problem of newspaper work. To his distinguished literary attainments—for, besides penning many thousands of scholarly articles, he has contributed largely to fiction—and his conspicuous editorial tact and judgment, he has added a practical

knowledge of all the processes necessary to the production of a first-class daily newspaper. With a sensitive finger perpetually on the pulse of public opinion throughout some of the most bitterly controversial periods of the Victorian era, Mr. Reid was successful in gaining for the editorials of the *Daily Press* that distinctiveness which has been perpetuated to the present day. Moderation and "sweet reasonableness" were his watchwords at the beginning, and so they remain. The editorial canons of the *Daily Press* are irreconcilable with dogmatic assertion and indiscriminate aggression. Sound argument replaces both. Indeed, the high-toned policy of the *Daily Press* is a faithful reflex of Mr. Reid's character, the leading traits of which are a quiet dignity and a determination all the more effective because it is non-militant. In its advocacy of generous measures of political and social reform—local, national, and imperial—the *Daily Press* has played an important part in Bristol and the West. But never once in the course of the many campaigns it has led—or with which it has been prominently identified—in opposition to the advocates of reaction and the antagonists of reasonable progress, has the *Daily Press* lapsed from the high ideal of dignity and measured expression which Mr. Reid at the outset established. To-day, the influence of the *Daily Press* is widely recognised, and it is the best tribute to the ability and fair-mindedness of its conductor that it has

gained the respect and admiration even of those who happen to be politically opposed to it. The *Daily Press* stands in the front rank of provincial journals. Completeness of organisation in every department has entitled it to that enviable position. It opens its columns freely to the specialist writer, but its own editorials effectually cover the whole field of politics, finance, science, art, the drama, literature, and the social problems. Between thirty and forty years of sustained activity have left the buoyancy of Mr. Walter Reid unimpaired. He has turned sixty, it is true, but time has dealt kindly with him. Every day and night he is at his post in the office, and his responsibilities, instead of decreasing, have, within recent years, been multiplied. For, in 1892, on the death



MR. W. NICHOL REID.

Photo by Messrs. W. H. Midwinter and Co., Bristol.

of Mr. Macliver, Mr. Reid became sole proprietor of the journal which he had practically created. The only change enforced by this accession to proprietorship was that, in the year specified, Mr. Reid for the first time abandoned the work of leader-writing. To-day he exercises an active and general directorship over the three papers issued from the office—the *Western Daily Press*, the *Bristol Evening News*, and the *Bristol Observer*. The work of this responsible directorship is shared by his son, Mr. W. Nichol Reid, who has been a journalist all his life. He joined his father's staff twenty-five years ago, and has never left it except to widen his knowledge of men, events, and countries by making a tour round the world. He has seen all that is worth seeing in the States of America; he has explored the leading towns of Japan (where he resided for nine months); paid a flying visit to Hong-Kong, Singapore, and Ceylon; and absorbed, in more leisurely fashion, first-hand impressions of South Africa. The journalistic instinct is as strong in the son as in the father, and Mr. W. Nichol Reid inherits all the paternal passion for hard and responsible work. Father and son, too, are identical in their personal tastes—a further vindication of the often impugned doctrine of heredity. Under the guidance of this happy combination the *Western Daily Press* flourishes exceedingly. For the rest, it may be stated that the leader-writing and the late editorial work are in the hands of Mr. W. E. Hicks and Mr. G. Falconer-King, who are aided by others. The duties of commercial manager are discharged by Mr. Charles A. Tovey. Finally, no history of the *Western Daily Press* would be complete without a reference to the palatial building from which the paper is issued. The offices were erected a decade ago, and architecturally, and in point of internal equipment, they have few equals in the provinces. Every improvement that experience and ingenuity can suggest has been introduced. Indeed, the edifice which forms the home of this great daily journal of the West is infinitely more imposing than the Bristol municipal buildings, and it occupies a commanding site in what will in a few years assuredly be the leading thoroughfare in the city of Bristol.



THE "WESTERN DAILY PRESS" OFFICES.

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MISS EVA WILLIAMS IN ACT I.

by piquant Mrs. Twelves—Miss Eva Williams—and here you have a bodice of geranium-pink glacé covered with éceru lace, and fitting with the faithful accuracy of a glove even over the shoulders, though the sleeves do eventually appear in the shape of drooping puffs to the elbow of pale tan cloth, over which falls a sort of belated epaulette of the silk and lace. The termination of the tight-fitting top being marked by a band and bow of tan satin ribbon. There is a deep corselet too of the cloth, cut out in three points which are laced together by bright pink silk cord fastened on tiny diamond studs which border each point. The skirt fastens over the bodice with two large diamond buttons, and is quite plain, though full; while by no means must I forget the collar, which is of plain cloth with double points of the bright-hued silk, turned over at each side. There is also a huge hat of tan Leghorn, with a great bow of cloudy chiffon to match in the front, and at the back sundry nodding black ostrich-feathers and a bushy osprey.

As for the heroine, Miss Winifred Emery, otherwise the much-trying Mrs. Fraser, she has come back to us looking lovelier than ever with her pretty brown hair cut short, and curling all over her head; while her dress, too, is charming, and suits her wonderfully well. There is a skirt of shimmering green and mauve silk, and a bodice of accordion-pleated pink lisse, the front a mass of exquisite embroidery in delicate pink, green, mauve, and blue, with a shower of brilliant steel paillettes, and three straps of the embroidery holding in the fulness at the back. The waist is banded with bright violet velvet, and the little Medici collar is lined with it also, the front of the neck being left quite bare, with just the ruffling of chiffon gathered with violet silk. There are double puffs of silk to the elbow, and plain cuffs, turned back with velvet; while a feature of the costume is a long chain of delicately tinted enamel falling from neck to waist, and caught up at the left side with a diamond ornament. So much for the dress. And then there is a delightfully chic little Henri mantle falling in straight loose pleats from yoke to waist at the back and in the front, and at the sides simply taking the

form of short, full shoulder-frills. It is lined with mauve silk, and there is some of the same elaborately beautiful embroidery on the yoke. Yet, in spite of its fascinations, Mrs. Fraser condemns it ruthlessly to be burnt, though, fortunately, her orders are not carried out promptly, for she has recourse to it again at the end of the first act. The lovely toque, too—which should have shared the same fate—is of violet velvet, the frilled brim caught up at the left side with a shaded osprey, and at the back with two great flower-like rosettes of brilliant blue velvet (matching the touch of this colour in the embroidery), while the low crown is almost hidden in front by a glittering steel coronet.

Divorce Court costumes are, nowadays, very carefully thought out, and form a by no means unimportant part of the proceedings, and I cannot help thinking that if Mrs. Fraser had not been quite so pretty and had worn a dowdy dress instead of this fascinating *toilette*, she might not have had the "benefit of the doubt."

However, be that as it may, this same dress is worn when she pays her farewell visit to Jack Allingham, and in it—minus the much-trying cape and hat, which have been flung in a careless bundle on the floor just previously—she confronts Mrs. Allingham. I should think Mrs. Nettleship would have to make Miss Emery a second cape and toque before long, bearing these proceedings in mind, but, in the meantime, we need only congratulate her on these her latest productions. In the last act Miss Emery still wears her own skirt, but the bodice has given place to a charming *matinée* of palest leaf-green lisse, accordion-pleated, and with a most graceful fichu of white lace, frilled with mellow-tinted lace, forming a deep square at the back, and then, after being caught on the shoulders by long loop-bows of dark-green velvet ribbon, crossing the corsage, and losing itself beneath a velvet waistband, the long ends appearing again beneath and falling far down the skirt. The sleeves are of the lisse, softly shirred to the wrist; and I must surely



MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN ACT I.

chronicle the presence on the waistband of two of the inevitable buttons, these being of mother-of-pearl edged with diamonds.

As this same jealous and persecuting wife, Miss Lily Hanbury looks superbly handsome in a black and yellow dress, the colours which, above all others, suit her to perfection. The skirt is of black silk repp, with a moiré effect; and the same rich material forms the back of the bodice and the short zouaves in front, the remainder, with the sleeves, being of buttercup-yellow satin, veiled with black net sewn with lines of jet. Jet is used profusely as trimming, forming the fringed shoulder-straps and

the waistband, and glittering on the long girdle-ends of the satin, while it is massed together in the form of tabs on the little zouaves. Yellow velvet also is introduced, in the form of a turned-down collar and little epaulettes and cuffs. There is a jet toque, too, bedecked with outstanding bow-ends of delicate pink and green chiné ribbon bordered with black satin, and, in front, a great rosette of yellow chiffon, overtopped with four jetted wings.

Miss Esmé Beringer is very well gowned, too—first, as a tacit acknowledgment of the trying state of her sister's affairs, in transparent



MISS LILY HANBURY IN ACT II.

black crêpon, narrowly striped, and lined throughout with white silk, the bodice having a deep collar of white bengaline, edged with a frill of yellowish lace, which is headed by a line of steel paillettes, and there being also dainty little cuffs to match. The top of the sleeves is like a great rose, all tiny puffings of the crêpon, unlined, the soft blackness showing up well against the cuffs; and afterwards Miss Beringer greets her sister's arrival with a great bunch of pink roses fastened in her waistband, as a sign of rejoicing. The second dress is a particularly dainty one of glacé silk of the hue of a Neapolitan violet, with a chiné design of wee pink roses, festooned with tender green leaves. The bodice, with its soft vest of white lisse and lace, has notably novel sleeves, only slightly full—miniature bishop's sleeves, in fact—and drawn into tiny cuffs of lace-edged lisse. Then over the shoulders falls a short frill of filmy lace, while another one encircles the arm just above the elbow, thereby accentuating the quaint tight-fitting effect—a style which is old-fashioned enough to be new by this time, though even the novelty does not make these sleeves as attractive as the outstanding fulness of our well-beloved puffs. Miss Beringer's hat has a waved brim of white accordion-pleated lisse and a full crown of palest pink velvet, matching the great cluster of roses which turn up the brim at the back, while for further trimming there are about half a dozen white ostrich-feathers.

The mother of Mrs. Fraser (Miss Henrietta Lindley) is also in half-mourning attire in the first act—black-and-white striped silk with a vest of white chiffon and lace, and waistband and bows of black satin ribbon, but she indulges later in a little frivolity in the shape of a pink satin collar and a full front of pink chiffon. Her last gown takes the fashionable Princess form, and is of dark-green cloth, the revers of dark blue-green and petunia plaid glacé, fastened over at the left side of the waist, while the sleeves and vest are of the same striking material. As for me, my only idea of a Princess gown at present is carried out in emerald-green velvet, glorified by a collar and sundry touches of chinchilla, and, until this dream becomes a reality, I shall be anything but content. Miss Emery's little velvet mantle, too, is well worth copying—and, in fact, to make a long story short, velvet is the material of the moment, and must be recognised as such by all of us if we, in our turn, are to claim any

acknowledgment from Dame Fashion. And this being so, it should be cause for thanksgiving with us that we live in the days of velveteen, a word which has become the invariable adjunct to that famous name of "Louis," the combination representing one of the most wonderful fabrics which has ever been provided for the adornment of women. Who would not be in the height of fashion and walk in velvet attire when there is "Louis" velveteen to be had at any draper's for the asking and the expenditure of two or three shillings a yard? I have been feasting my eyes on the new season's shade-card, and striving to choose between greens ranging from tender cau-de-Nil to richest, brightest emerald; violets toning through mauve to royal purple, and browns which embrace every imaginable shade, from palest biscuit-colour to a wonderful reddish brown caught from autumnal leaves.

And then will begin the battle of the sleeves, which will wage most fiercely when coat- and dress-sleeves are the combatants, and which has the effect of giving the cape the victory as regards popular favour. But at some time in the near future we must needs fly to the extra warmth of closely fitting and wind-excluding coats, so let me advise you, as a necessary preparation for the fray, to give your dressmakers strict injunctions to interline all your dress-sleeves with "Fiberine," a new and uncrushable fabric, which allows you to take all kinds of liberties with it without resenting them by becoming limp and depressed, as would ordinarily happen. In fact, if you call in the aid of "Fiberine" as a skirt and sleeve lining, you will find your gowns come out unscathed from the ordeal of packing, your sleeves retain their puffiness even after a lengthy imprisonment in other sleeves, and your dresses altogether treated to a sort of elixir of life, which keeps them fresh and smart till the last day of their wear. Truly, we live in good times, for everyone seems to be devoting their energies to the invention of veritable boons and blessings for women.

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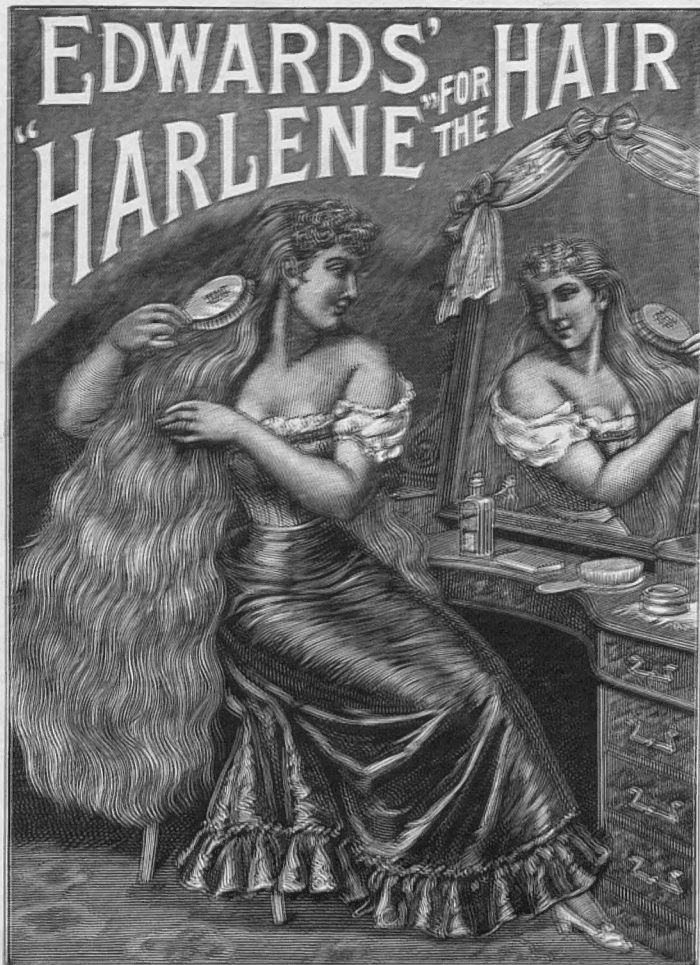
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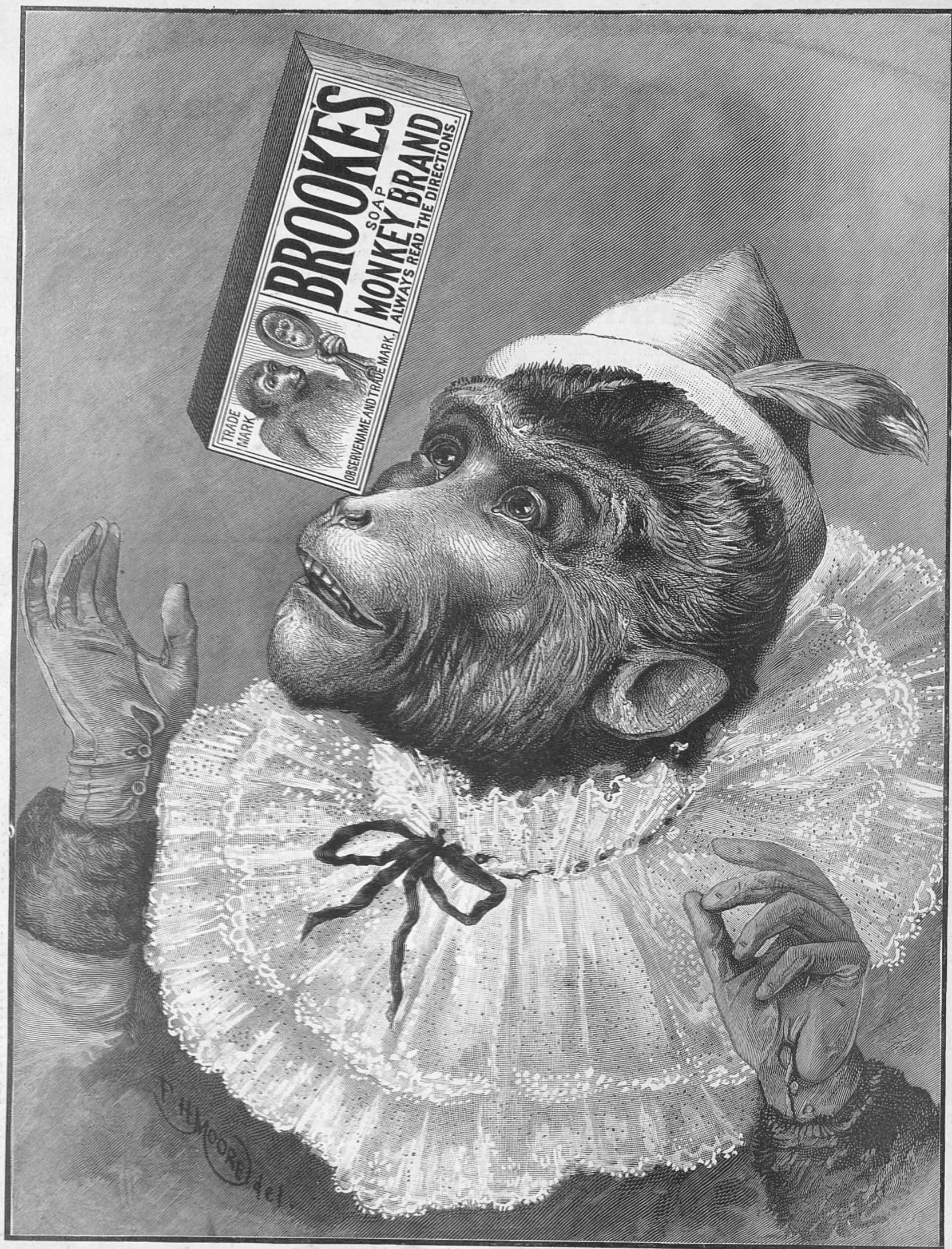
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"THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

The critic has a very difficult task in dealing with such a piece as "The Benefit of the Doubt," since he naturally has a feeling of ingratitude in saying anything unkind concerning a work from the pen of the dramatist who has given us greater pleasure than any of his living English rivals, and yet is bound to remember that one should be stricter in justice with the successful than with the struggling. Of course, if the critic can convince himself that Mr. Pinero does not need the benefit of the doubt in respect of his new piece, his position is pleasant; to me, however, there seems an element of doubt. The play at the Comedy reminds me in one respect of Maupassant's fearful novel, "Une Vie," for my feeling after reaching the end is one of surprise that such a remarkable exhibition of talent has given so little pleasure.

A leading paper has, in dealing with "The Benefit of the Doubt," drawn comparisons between Ibsen and Pinero. After last Thursday I begin to think that Ibsen, in acting on the idea of Bacon, which I quote from memory, "There is no great beauty without some strangeness in it," has been wiser than the English author who has just presented us human beings with no strangeness in them—at least, no strangeness save mere exaggeration. One can take an interest in the struggles of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Allingham, but it is the interest of an entomologist who watches things writhing on a pin rather than that of a sympathetic fellow-creature.

During the first act, I delighted, revelled, in Sir Fletcher Portwood, and also that wretched specimen of juvenile decay, Claude Emptage. The one was an intensely humorous picture of the vain, garrulous, successful old man; the other of a comic creature that has already failed to outlive its paltry night. In that masterly act, one of the finest pieces of comedy imaginable, they seemed to be brilliant studies. In the second act, despite the admirable playing of Mr. Cyril Maude and the clever work of Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, they had become irritating; in the last, Sir Fletcher had grown to be a bore. Until it suddenly came to the mind that they were mere "comic relief," used to gild a painful pill, one had delighted in them; after that one could but feel that their irrelevancies were mere drags on the play.

It is such a painful piece, this new comedy! With Paula and Agnes one could feel sympathy, a feeling that may carry one far, but none of the lamentable quartet that dance in Mr. Pinero's gruesome quadrille can excite more than pity—the contemptuous pity that is akin to hate. One is disposed to leave after the second act, caring little what becomes of mad Mrs. Allingham or her weak, cowardly husband; of common, empty, suburban, flighty Mrs. Fraser or her cold, dried-fish spouse. One had seen the dramatic climax of the piece, the situation worked up to by daring use of drink and madness, and the untying of the knot interested one little more than it did the judge, who, immediately after blasting the reputation of Theophila, the innocent *de facto*, guilty *de jure*, bent his wig to the "patchouli business" that followed "Allingham & Allingham, Fraser intervening."

It seems to me strange to be censuring a piece on the ground that it is too painful, since I have found keen pleasure in the most terrible of Ibsen's tragedies; and, against myself, I must admit that, saving the comic scenes, "The Benefit of the Doubt" is of astonishing truth and force. Yet the epigram of Bacon comes irresistibly—"The better the worse"—and, perhaps illogically and inconsistently, I feel overpained in watching the tortures put on creatures as uninteresting and everyday as myself. Yet I do feel justified in saying that Mr. Pinero has sinned against himself and the canons of his piece in exaggerating the jealousy of Olive Allingham to a disease, in using *in vivo veritas* as part of his machinery, and in giving temporary relief, with inevitable reaction, by the introduction of irrelevant comic scenes.

It is very pleasant to turn to the little gallery of minor characters, to Tina the "demi-vierge" of England, sketched with cruel truth, played with great ability by Miss Esme Beringer; to Peter, the banjo-playing comforter of Jack, cleverly handled by Mr. Stuart Champion; to the mother who, after her husband's death, "took off her corset," and afterwards "did a week at Worthing." Indeed, one remembers with grateful pleasure the splendid first act. Mrs. Cloys, despite the admirable work of Miss Rose Leclercq, is less taking than might have been expected, because her astonishing assent to the interview between Jack and Theophila somewhat puts one against the bitter-sweet wife of the Bishop of St. Olpherts.

Of the acting of Miss Winifred Emery it would be hard to speak in over-praise: nothing that she has done before shows such tact and skill as her drunken scene, while throughout she really gives a superb picture of the irritating Theophila. Nor is it easy to compliment too highly Miss Lily Hambury, who could not possibly escape the charge of monotony in such a monotonous part as that of Olive, which she rendered with much power and passion. Mr. Leonard Boyne really seemed to be puzzled by his part, and in consequence showed some weakness in displaying its weakness. Mr. J. G. Grahame gave a rather colourless picture of "Fraser of Lochreen": one expected from a man who always dined in a kilt a more decided flavour of Scotland. I feel bound to return to Mr. Cyril Maude and express my regret that, despite his acting, so full of character and unforced humour, his part at times should seem rather irritating. What, I wonder, will be the fate of the piece? Will the public like being saddened more and thrilled less than was the case with its two immediate predecessors? Will Mr. Pinero act in his usual Pilate attitude of "What I have written, I have written," and refuse to shorten the one hundred and twenty minutes of the second act?

"THE RISE OF DICK HALWARD," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Probably the advantage over other men which a lawyer has in committing a crime, due to his knowledge of the precautions to be taken against detection, are outbalanced by the fact that he better than others is aware of the wonderful ways of detection that exist, and can never feel perfectly safe. If Dick Halward had been a layman, he would probably have believed his own statement—that it could never be proved that he was merely trustee for Reggie Philbrick, *alias* Englehart, of the money he was spending as his own. As a lawyer, he knew that the miner's will had been proved, that the witnesses could be traced, that the identity of the testator might be established, that the similarity of the writing of the testator in the holograph will and in the letter of trust could be established, and then his crime would be clear.

For Dick, when Madge Carruthers refused him because of his poverty and he still found his "soul aching for the touch of her," had a fraudulent means of getting the needful wealth lying at his hands. On his table was the will of Sacheverel, his old chum, making him sole legatee of his large fortune, and with it a letter constituting him mere trustee of all but ten thousand dollars for Reggie Philbrick, otherwise Englehart. To burn the will was to make himself seem beneficiary—why should he fear detection? The testator died out in Mexico with no friends about him, and only two miners as witnesses; who could have guessed that, under circumstances conceivable only by a dramatist, a friend of Dick's had taken a photograph of the dying miner in the act of writing the letter of trust, and that a miraculous microscope would be used to render it legible?

Miss Madge, when she refused Halward's offer, had caused him to believe that her poverty and not her will refused—poverty in a relative sense of the word, for she declared that a thousand pounds a year would be ridiculously insufficient. Consequently, with an income of five thousand pounds per annum, Dick seemed certain to be accepted by her with open arms, and he renewed his offer with confidence. Obviously, he was not a man of delicate ideas, so it was natural that he should make his second proposal in a somewhat repulsive, commercial manner. Now, although we are often willing to say nasty things concerning ourselves, we do not wish people to treat them as exactly accurate. Madge, a young lady of somewhat abnormal character, though she really loved Dick, professed great indignation at his proposal, and refused scornfully to be treated as a chattel; but when he persisted, after saying many unpleasant things about the nature of the transaction, she consented to accept the hand and income of the fraudulent trustee.

It is not very pleasant to be engaged to a girl who constantly assures you that the engagement is degrading, that the marriage will be a loveless bargain; it is still less pleasant to think that you have committed a crime for the sake of this woman, and that the crime injures a friend of yours—for Reggie Philbrick is the miner's son, of which fact Dick was unaware when he burnt the letter. In Dick's case there was a further element of displeasure. The business of bringing himself to justice had been put into his hands by the photographer and by Reggie's guardian, who, of course, from the photograph had discovered that Reggie had been robbed, but found difficulty in tracing the thief. Moreover, Dick knew that difficult as it would be to prove his fraud it would be easy for his friend to discover it. Consequently he had a very decided opinion concerning the answer to the famous question, "Is life worth living?"

Men are curiously selfish. Rather than risk such an unpleasant verdict as "Temporary insanity," or, worse still, *folo-de-se*, Dick determined to utilise the fact that his father, Dr. Halward, had given him a few drops of prussic acid in a head-ache mixture, and by adding to the dose twenty drops more, secure himself a "Death by misadventure" at the risk of ruining his father's practice. Instead of making a will and leaving all his property to Reggie, he, with the view of provoking legal difficulties and publishing his tale, made out some irregular document in favour of the young man, then called Madge, Reggie, and a friend to him and made a clean breast of his crime, at the end of which they all left the room speechless with horror and sorrow. "Che va piano va sano" is a valuable maxim for would-be self-murderers, and by acting upon it Dick Halward saved his life, since he gave leisure to Madge to think over the affair, and come back in the nick of time. On this occasion she showed the Dr. Jeekyll side of her character, declared and insisted upon her love and her willingness to give up all that had hitherto made life beautiful for her, and go away with Dick to America, or one of the colonies which relieve us of so many undesirable citizens.

One must admire the cleverness and deplore the insincerity of Mr. Jerome's play. The author seems afraid of his theme, and weakens it by unsatisfactory stage devices. Save in Madge's character, which has some turn of originality, everything smells of the footlights, and the author's "Stangeland" has not saved him from what he desires in it. There are moments in the piece that lead one to expect brilliant things, but they are almost counterbalanced. For the acting of Miss Marion Terry and Mr. E. S. Willard one has unstinted praise, and for the work of the others, notably Mr. J. Barnes, H. V. Esmond, and Miss Winifred Fraser, hearty admiration.

MONOCLE.

Mr. James Smith, of Woodhouse, Stroud, has accepted the position of Chairman of the Board of Directors of Arnold, Perrett, and Co., Limited.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 19, 1895.

Your determination to retire from active participation in Stock Exchange speculation, although deeply regretted by us, is hardly a surprise. We knew you had made more than a modest fortune within the last two years, but, until your letter reached us, we had not an idea of the amount to which that fortune had accumulated. We shall watch the growth of your proposed Park Lane mansion with interest.

When we wrote to you last week everybody thought the worst of the crisis was over, and that the Mining market had merely received one of those periodic shakes-out which serve to clear the air, but the first two days of this week very soon showed that the difficulties were more deep-seated than most of us had imagined, and yesterday morning for an hour or so things were very critical. Had not Mr. Barnato come to the rescue and bought all the stock of his various specialities which was offered, besides lending freely on his bank shares at moderate rates there would have been a regular stampede, but as this action on "Barney's" part was fully anticipated by us from conversations we had had with him, we were not surprised when the pinch came at the turn things took. It was the knowledge of what Barnato Brothers proposed to do in the event of trouble that made us recommend their stocks to your notice of late, and, although several of your friends are holders above the present level of prices, we believe they will get home with a comfortable profit in the end, especially if, on any further slump, they will buy a few more to average.

On Monday the differences in Barnato Banks will have to be paid, and, as large sums are required for this purpose, some uneasiness is felt, which, together with the coming Paris settlement, especially in East Rand, prevents much spring in African shares for the time; but we usually find that, when the talk of failures and of the Frenchmen not coming up to the scratch on pay day is loudest, the reality, when it comes, is far less serious than even the most optimist of us expect, and, if it is so this time, there is room for a smart rise in many sound stocks.

Several of your friends ask us to give them details of the Porges Randfontein, and want to know whether it is producing results or not. The issued capital is £437,500, in shares of £1 each, and it owns about three hundred and eleven claims in all. At present only sixty stamps are at work, with a complete cyanide plant, but forty stamps more are ordered, and it is intended gradually to increase the reduction works to double that capacity. The mine is opening up very well, and no doubt a satisfactory dividend will be declared at the end of the year. For people who are prepared to purchase really sound mines and hold them as investments, we consider that things like New Primrose and Glencairn, at the slump prices, are a good opportunity, with more prospect of improvement in capital value than in the case of the many high-priced home industrial shares which are so eagerly purchased by people trying to get 4½ or 5 per cent. for their capital.

Western Australian and miscellaneous mines have not suffered in the same way as Kaffirs, but in most cases business has not been brisk. The West Australian position is not half so dangerous as the state of affairs in the African market, for the facilities for carrying over have never been so large, and there has been far more steady taking up of small lots of shares by little people all over the country, in addition to which, Paris does not dominate the position. As we have told you, there seems more chance of the public interest in mines shifting every day more and more in this direction than of an end to the boom. Very rich ore was being raised from Burbank's Birthday Gift Mine at the time of the last mail advices, and the directors have given Professor Nicholas a free hand to order what machinery he likes for the property, so that development is sure to be vigorously pressed forward. The practical impossibility of the public obtaining allotments in Hannan's Proprietary, and the knowledge which insiders have of the great value of the property, has caused the shares to be eagerly bought at 1½ premium, and if half we have seen in private letters both about this property and Hannan's Brown Hill is to be believed, either may be bought with every prospect of even higher values.

You must excuse us from dealing with the markets in general, as to which there have been hardly any features of interest; but your friends may buy Uruguay stock and Linotype shares with advantage, and, for a good industrial share, which will pay over 6 per cent., we can find them nothing better than Bovril, at their present price. The report of A. and F. Pears, Limited, is now published, and the dividend of 10 per cent. compares very favourably with 8 per cent. paid last year. Judging by the balance-sheet, the company appears to be in a very strong position. We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LANE, SUTHER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

JOSEPH HUGHES AND CO., LONDON, desire to find people who, for the remote chance of 4½ per cent., are willing to allow their money to be used in the risky business of publishing certain educational and other books and pamphlets. We have seen some audacious prospectuses in our time, but Joseph Hughes and Co. quite out-Herods Herod, and except that we imagine very few people will be found to subscribe, we would devote more space to a detailed criticism of the document by which the directors hope to induce the flow of capital into the company's coffers.

THE BARBERTON REEFS, LIMITED.—Under the guise of a circular to explain the position of affairs to its shareholders this company is touting for applications for shares. We never knew any concern that was worth subscribing to resort to such an elaborate means of obtaining money, and although we are pleased to see that the company has a real live General for a chairman, we are surprised that the rest of the board do not desire to see their names in print. We strongly urge our readers to estimate the Press notices which appear in the pamphlet at their money value, and to leave General Bates in possession of the chair at the next general meeting of the company.

THE MATABELE GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED, with a capital of £120,000, is offering 67,000 shares of £1 each to the public. The concern comes from the right people, but the more you read the prospectus the less you will care for the company. The "Old Ship" Reef runs parallel to the "Nelly" Reef, and although this company owns claims only on the former, there is not a word about it which would induce any sane man to take a share, but plenty of astonishing statements about the "Nelly," which belongs to somebody else. It will be time enough to find more money for Rhodesia mining when some (however small) return has come from one or two of the many companies already started, and till then we advise our readers to leave these new ventures alone.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DUB EDD.—On no account put your money on deposit with the bank you name. We advise you to buy Consolidated Gold-fields preference shares, New Primrose, Bovril, or Linotype, all of which will give you good interest and be fairly realisable.

W. H. S.—We have written you privately, and hope you have got our letter. The shares rose 7s. 6d. after we had posted to you, so that the price should have been about 63-8, not 6.

JACK.—We should hold all three securities for a rise, especially New Croesus.

WIDOW.—We fear you do not realise that what you ask is a mere matter of opinion. (1) By all accounts, the company is doing well, but it is a great speculation; if the money is of real importance to you, sell, and see answer to "Dub Edd" as to reinvestment. (2) Very good, but also speculative, depending on the price of the metal. We think there is more chance of a rise in value than of a fall, but we are not experts in the Metal market.

R. B. R.—We know of no reason for the fall except the general slump, which has naturally been felt by "rubbish" even more than by the sounder stocks.

T. R. P.—(1) Rubbish. (2) Ditto.

J. S. B.—(1) Matabele Gold Reefs. Take your profit. What on earth do you expect? You can get 400 per cent. profit, and you hesitate to take it in these times! You deserve to lose your money if you are so greedy. Buy Hannan's Proprietary or Burbank's Birthday Gift with the proceeds, and take a reasonable profit on either. (2) What is the use of crying after the moon? You cannot get your money back, and the people are not likely to return it to you. Write to the secretary, and see whether we are right or not. (3) You cannot legally demand it, and must learn that, if you make a bad bargain, you will have to grin and bear it in this life. (4) Try a letter to the secretary, but don't forget that it will be a mere waste of a postage-stamp. (5) Avoid these companies as you would the devil. We doubt if either of the things you name proves that any of this gentleman's companies have really done well. Have you ever heard of any results from one, apart from the promotion of some new concern, which promises much and performs nothing?

E. S.—(1) No. (2) A settling-day is granted if asked for by six firms doing business on the Stock Exchange. A quotation is granted on a company complying with certain definite conditions, too long to be here summarised. Write to the secretary of the Stock Exchange, and he will tell you. (3) No. (4) The new rule is that all dealings shall be for the special settlement, and not for the "coming out," which gives the committee a chance of preventing "rigs" like the Australia or Warner's Safe Cure jobs.

SCOTLAND.—(1) A fair mining risk. We prefer Hannan's Proprietary or Burbank's Birthday Gift. (2) We would not buy.

NOVICE.—We have written you privately, and hope you have got our letter.

J. W.—We hope you have received our reply by private letter.

INVICTA.—The concern you name is respectable enough, but seems to do no good. There is no dealing price, as far as we can learn, for the shares. The office is 6, Great St. Helens, E.C. Write to the secretary and ask what they are doing, and if he knows of any transactions in shares.

ROSS.—Obtain rates from all three offices and buy the cheapest, as they are all safe. If the cost is the same, we prefer No. 3. There is no reason for selling Johannesburg Waterworks, except that the African market is in a doubtful state, and, of course, the company's shares would fall in a general slump. We should hold if they were our own, and, if there is a renewal of the boom, get out at 3, or over. As an investment, the shares are good enough to retain.

FACTA.—We don't think you will do much good out of the Tunnel shares, but if you can pick them up at rubbish price and don't mind locking them up for a few years something might turn up. We should not be sweet on the deal. You might buy the Scotch deferred stocks or Dover A as a speculation, but on the best information we recommend you to purchase Villa Maria and Rufino Railway second debentures at about 24. If you can pay for them and lock them up you will do well this side of twelve months out of the deal.

ALPHA.—Your conditions as to safety are such that we can only recommend Consols.

O. V. T.—See our notes as to the position of the Mining market. We do not profess to know whether the mining boom has come to its end or not, but we think not.

SAMBO, RED LANCER, AND SCOT.—Your letters have just reached us, and as in each case they require inquiries to be made before we can answer your questions, we must ask you to wait until next week for replies.

In consequence of the great success of our "City Notes," and the urgent requests of many readers, it has been determined to devote two pages to financial subjects, and, in our issue of next week, a fresh series of City articles will commence, in which, for the present, at least, great prominence will be given both to African and West Australian Mines. The conduct of the financial columns (including the Correspondence) will remain in the same hands as heretofore, and it is hoped that the additional space placed at the City Editor's disposal will enable him to render even more substantial assistance to our numerous readers than has hitherto been practicable.